HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2149.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1898.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, U.S.N.,

IN HIS CABIN ON THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 26, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy — $4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico
Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
New York City: Franklin Square
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

THE administration has directed the acceptance from the Union Pacific Reorganization Committee of the full principal of the debt due from the Kansas Pacific Railroad. This is a surrender of all the interest, which is about equal to the principal, the whole debt being nearly $13,000,000. Only a few weeks ago there was some reason to fear that the government might bid in the property. Rather than that this should happen, it would be better for the government to surrender its whole claim; and now that the transaction is finally closed, and both the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific have passed into private hands, the country ought to congratulate itself on the important step that has been taken towards freeing it from the imminent danger of further communism.

THE United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, composed of Supreme-Court-Justice HARLAN and Circuit-Judges TAFT and LURTON, has decided that the Iron Pipe Trust is illegal. This trust came within the province of the anti-trust law because it undertook to limit the prices of its goods, and was therefore a conspiracy to control prices. In this respect it differed from the Sugar Trust case, the proof in which was simply of a conspiracy to control manufacture. Every decision that weakens controlling and tyrannous combinations of capital is a decision against the growing communistic tendencies of our politics and legislation. The socialists who regard the great trusts with complacency are wise in their generation, for they believe that trusts of this sort will eventually lead to a great and all-embracing trust which will be managed by the government at Washington.

IT is not astonishing if Mr. DINGLEY contemplates proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States for the purpose of equalizing the hours of labor throughout the country. He believes, although with not much foundation of fact, that one reason for the depression of the cotton industry of New England is that the laborers in the Southern mills work more hours and receive less pay than the operative of the New England mill. It is logical, therefore, in Mr. DINGLEY'S mind that New England should be protected against the outrage of long hours and small pay in the South; and if protection is proper in a statute, why not in the Constitution of the United States? Moreover, if protection is good for the whole country against the competition of the foreigner, why shall it not be good for New England against the competition of the Southern negro? But no law, whether statutory or constitutional, can provide lasting protection for Mr. DINGLEY'S mind against the competition of enlightened intelligence.

THERE is in New York State just at present a striking illustration of the ill effect that can be produced by boss and machine politics upon the material and essential interests of a community. New York city is not enjoying that large percentage of the foreign commerce of the country that it once possessed. Other cities are overtaking it. It is probably true that the canal system is not now the effective competitor of the railroads that it once was, and that this is the reason why other cities are receiving so much more than their old proportion of the grain and other agricultural products of the country. Under these conditions, it would seem as though all the people of the State of New York would be interested enough in its welfare to do their utmost to meet new conditions, and to improve the canals to a point which would increase their effectiveness as promoters of the commercial importance of the State of New York. But the politicians have taken advantage of the misfortune of the city and State to further their own interests, including their pecuniary interests. They have persuaded the people of the State to vote $9,000,000 to improving the canals, and the amount turns out to be not much more than half enough for the object contemplated. There are charges of gross corruption and mismanagement, and the Republican politicians meet the charges by passing a measure permitting Governor BLACK to carry on the pretended investigation, one that may, and probably will, cover up any frauds that may have been committed. The point of the matter of greatest importance is this: that the politician is perfectly willing to make himself rich upon the ruin of the people whose affairs he is managing.

THE destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana is a terrible national calamity. Although the ship was lying in a friendly port, whither she had gone on a friendly mission, many of the people in Havana—especially of the Spanish party—are bitterly hostile to the United States. There is, however, no evidence that the disaster was the work of an enemy, but intruding upon the sympathy which is felt by the country for the victims and for their friends, upon the admiration expressed for the heroic qualities displayed by Captain SIGSBEE and the other survivors of the ship, and upon the feeling of warm gratitude to the Spanish captain of the *Alfonso XII.* and the Spanish authorities on shore for the ready aid extended to our officers and sailors, comes a harsh note of suspicion of murderous treachery. Chief-Constructor HICHBORNE and Constructor BOWLES decline to accept the theory that the cause of the explosion was accidental or within the ship. In stating this view, in newspaper interviews, they are open to the suspicion of considering the reputation of their corps of constructors before their duty to their country, which requires that every one who speaks with authority shall be silent so long as he is ignorant. They should imitate the wise discretion and advice of Captain SIGSBEE and of other brave men of the fighting branch of the navy, and suspend judgment until they have evidence on which they may base opinions. The naval constructors have been echoed by some Jingo Congressmen and some sensational newspapers. There is not a particle of evidence that the disaster was caused by a Spanish or Cuban enemy of the United States, while the destruction of war-ships by explosives is to be expected, because, as Senator HALE says, the ships are floating volcanoes. Under the circumstances, every decent American will refrain from hostile speech towards Spain, and will rejoice if it can be clearly proved that the loss of the *Maine* was purely accidental.

THE WEEKLY has heretofore refrained from joining the large number of its contemporaries which, like itself, hold themselves at liberty to speak the truth, by way of criticism of Mr. McKINLEY'S administration, in alluding to Secretary SHERMAN'S condition; but the country is even more deeply interested in the question of the capacity of its Secretary of State than Mr. McKINLEY or the Republican party. It is perfectly well understood that Mr. SHERMAN is at the head of our foreign-affairs department because it was deemed well to make a vacancy in the Senate for Mr. HANNA. Certainly the Senate has not gained by this bargain, for incapacitated as Mr. SHERMAN may be by advanced years, he was at one time a great figure in the nation and in the Republican party, and is the last of the public men who belonged to a day when Senators were selected because they were statesmen, while Mr. HANNA is simply rich. In making and carrying out this bargain Mr. McKINLEY, however, not only offended against the Senate, whose traditions he ought to have respected, and whose present tendencies he ought certainly not to have furthered, but he has placed at the head of his cabinet a man who is unfitted by years and infirmities for the performance of the duties of his office. We have hesitated to say this before, because we have greatly respected Mr. SHERMAN'S past, notwithstanding our many differences of opinion with him. But the time has come when it must be noticed, for the sake of Mr. SHERMAN himself, and especially for the sake of the nation, that Mr. SHERMAN has been unable to act as Secretary of State in the present emergency in which Spain and this country are mutually concerned, and that his incapacity has been recognized by the administration. He has known none of the facts of the situation; he has not been taken into the confidence of the President; his duties have been performed by a subordinate, Judge DAY, who has had no previous experience either in foreign affairs or in national affairs, and it is the country's right to demand that this state of affairs shall cease; that Mr. SHERMAN shall be permitted to retire before he has further stained a record that is far more brilliant than that of any other living Republican, and that the State Department shall be entrusted to some one who has at least the full use of all his faculties; and to this demand it is Mr. McKINLEY'S duty to render instant obedience.

OUR JINGOES AND SPAIN.

THE DE LOME incident could not have become a subject of the excited controversy it aroused if there were not in this country persons who desire immediate war with Spain. We say this notwithstanding a suspicion that is widely entertained, and which is reasonable, that much of the Jingo talk against Spain is for home consumption. We are ourselves inclined to believe that bitter, malicious, and untruthful speeches, like those of Senator MASON and Senator MORGAN, for example, are directed rather to constituents than to the Senate or to the Executive. There is some reason also for believing that there is a commercial spirit underlying some of the Jingo sentiment, and that there are public men, as well as private citizens, who are quite ready to see money made by gun-building, armor construction, and in providing other war material, without regard to the safety or welfare of the country. But, aside from this, it is clear that there are many persons in the United States who are ready to go to war with Spain, and who are seeking an occasion. There is no other interpretation to be put upon the attempt to distort the meaning of the DE LOME incident, and to misrepresent the minister's letter to Señor CANALEJAS, or upon the effort involved in the MORGAN and WILLIAMS resolutions adopted by the Senate and House, respectively, on Monday, February 14. These resolutions seek to make public the opinions of our consular officers in Cuba, which are shrewdly supposed to be hostile to Spain, and the exposure of which will therefore still further intensify the feeling between the two countries.

That letter was simply an expression of opinion by the Spanish minister as to the character of the politicians who are making warlike and threatening speeches against Spain, and of the President and his administration, with whom Spain must reckon in the present emergency. Probably there was no doubt in the mind of anybody at Washington as to the Spanish minister's private feeling towards our public men. In view of the strained relations between the two countries, it would have been strange if his feeling had been friendly either for the President, who had severely criticised the WEYLER administration in Cuba, or for the politicians who were making use of Spain's misfortune in aid of their personal interests. Minister DE LOME wrote a private letter, as he had a perfect right to do, to a public man of Spain who was in America on a special mission. In that letter he expressed himself freely and contemptuously concerning President McKINLEY. It may have been an error of judgment to write such a letter, but if it was, it was the kind of error of which every diplomat is often guilty. When Minister DE LOME'S opinion of President McKINLEY was revealed, however, it was impossible for him to continue on friendly relations with the government to which he was accredited, and he was forced to go. Before our government could demand his recall he resigned, and his resignation was accepted by the Spanish government before it, in turn, knew that our government had made its demand for his recall. Here the incident should have ended, because, as we believe, both the SAGASTA and the McKINLEY governments are strongly in favor of maintaining the peace between Spain and the United States, and any one bent upon maintaining peace must have realized that the sooner the incident closed the better, and this on account of the presence in each country of a large number of influential politicians willing to bring on a war.

But the friends of war in this country were not content to let the incident close with the resignation of Minister DE LOME. They seized upon an expression in his letter which, they averred, indicated that Spain was trifling with the United States. The expression indicated, indeed, that the minister was perfectly willing to resort to pretended negotiations for commercial relations between this country and Cuba, but that is all, and that alone certainly is not a reason for forcing the Spanish government into an explanation that it does not share its late minister's views on the subject. It is also pretended that the letter reveals the minister's belief that the scheme of autonomy is not sincerely meant, that its offer to Cuba is to be withdrawn, and that its main purpose is the deception of the United States for the purpose of preventing our intervention. There is, however, positively nothing in the letter from beginning to end that will sustain this interpretation, which, therefore, is precisely what we have already called it, a misrepresentation, and it is a malicious and wicked misrepresentation, for it was invented and is pressed for the purpose of embroiling the two countries in war.

It is because of the excited and mendacious discussion and misinterpretation of the **De Lome** letter that we can say that the incident is one more bit of evidence as to the existence in this country of a faction desiring war with Spain. A calm consideration of the letter and of the incident would convince any fair mind that no cause of war exists here; and in this respect the incident is not unlike all the pretended occasions for complaint and intervention on our part upon which our Jingoes are basing their harangues, and their appeals to the government to break the peace that now exists between itself and a friendly nation. The other causes of war—for we assume that a demand for intervention at least contemplates war—are that Spain is injuring our commerce, that it is carrying on the war in an uncivilized and barbarous manner, and that it is inflicting almost unheard-of cruelties upon the peaceful people of Cuba who refuse to take sides either for or against the insurgents.

In the first place, the question as to whether the time has come for our interference because the war in Cuba is injuring our trade is a very delicate one. If this country has the right to insist that Spain shall not subdue the rebellion because the armed effort that is involved must injure the commerce between Cuba and the United States, then no European power has any right to take any warlike step for the retention of her American colonies when she is threatened by an armed insurrection of her own subjects. This, of course, is absurd, and the government has taken no such position. It has, however, taken the position that this country cannot sit quietly by for an indefinite time, but that the war must be ended within a reasonable period. The question is when that reasonable period shall occur; and on this point one thing is certain, that it has not yet been reached, and that it rests with us to suggest a time when the war shall end before actually intervening; to reach an agreement on the subject, if possible, with Spain, or, if that be impossible, to fix the time when our interests demand that the conflict shall come to an end. We have not fixed such a period mainly because Spain is trying a new experiment, and, as the administration evidently believes, is honestly trying to bring about peace by a grant of autonomy. It is true that the evidence points to the failure of the attempt, but we have waited so far, and we must continue to wait until the Executive shall decide, on the evidence before him, that the time has come for intervention. It is clear, moreover, to every one not eager for war, that the time is not yet for declaring a date at which Spain must conquer or yield, and that the administration is right in waiting for a still further trial of the plans of autonomy. In the mean time, of course, Spain owes it to herself and to us to push the conflict to an end as rapidly as possible, or to come to the conclusion that she must abandon the island.

As to the other causes for our intervention, they no longer exist. Since **Weyler**'s departure and **Blanco**'s appearance as Captain-General the war has been carried on in a civilized manner, without brutalities, and the peaceful inhabitants have been permitted to return to their homes, where they may plant if the insurgents are willing. In fact, whatever obstacle may now exist to the return of the Cubans to their usual industrial and agricultural habits is interposed by the insurgents. We have as our authority for the statement that the war is carried on in accordance with the rules and sentiments of civilized countries the testimony of a very distinguished insurgent officer.

We have no cause for war, therefore, in the **De Lome** letter, or in the refusal of Spain to disavow his utterances; we have no right to declare belligerency, which would, at the most, be more of an injury to our own citizens than a help to the insurgents or harm to Spain; we have no right to interfere because of the brutal character of Spanish warfare, because that evil has been cured; we have no right to interfere on the ground that the war should have come to an end, because we have not declared when, in our opinion, the end should be. All these pretended causes of war or of interference are so trivial, so far-fetched, so much the creatures of the desires of the men who urge them, that it is clear that these are searching for war; and yet no party in the United States will take the responsibility of declaring war, and no President will dare to risk his own future and the standing of his party by doing anything that will precipitate it. The consequence of the efforts of the Jingoes may be to induce Spain to strike the first blow, and to so excite the reactionary parties of the monarchy that the Liberal policy will be overthrown. In that event a blow will be struck against free government by the Spanish faction which hates both Liberalism and this republic. Our Jingoes are inviting the domination of **Weyler** in Spain, the suppression there of Liberal power and Liberal views, and the miseries and cost of war to two countries between which there is at present no just cause of quarrel.

ANNEXING HAWAII BY JOINT RESOLUTION.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

The Hawaii-annexation treaty lags in the Senate. The number of votes needed to make up the required two-thirds majority, it seems, will not come forth. The advocates of the scheme are now preparing to resort to the expedient of accomplishing their end by means of a joint resolution, which may be put through by a simple majority in each House of Congress. It has even been suggested that, in order to avoid the danger of being balked by dilatory tactics on the part of the opposition, the resolution should be attached as an amendment to an appropriation bill. This, however, is hardly probable. For the idea of rushing through Congress a measure of such incalculable importance as the annexation of a distant country by such a trick is so monstrous that even the most fanatical Jingo may well recoil from it.

Senator **Morgan** has introduced a resolution in the Senate which, in case of failure of the treaty, is to serve the same purpose in the regular course of legislation. In its averments as well as in its omissions it is characteristic of the whole movement. In view of the fact that the legitimacy of the present government of Hawaii might be questioned, it affirms "that the republic of Hawaii, established in and based upon its present constitution, is a rightful government, and has been, and still is, recognized as such by the United States of America and by other great powers, without any question by any nation of its rightful and sovereign independence; and said constitution is the true and recognized authority that fixes the measure and the distribution of the rights and powers of government in that republic while said constitution remains in force." Now, that the present Hawaiian government is recognized by the United States and by other powers as the government *de facto* is true. But it is not the whole truth; and the unusual verbiage employed in the resolution to define and describe the right of that government to recognition can hardly be intended for any other purpose than to make us forget that part of the truth which in its bearing upon the annexation scheme is of the highest moral importance to the American people, namely, that in January, 1893, the native government of Hawaii was overthrown by a revolutionary movement; that this revolutionary movement was assisted by the American minister causing the commander of an American man-of-war to land a force of troops in aid of the insurgents, who were weak in numbers, and in great part aliens; that the leaders of the insurrection constituted themselves as a provisional government "to exist until terms of union with the United States of America shall have been negotiated and agreed upon"; that then in hot haste the successful conspirators—successful by the aid of our own forces lawlessly offered—presented an annexation compact to our government; that when that compact failed to be ratified by the United States, the chiefs of the revolution in Hawaii, hoping for better times, constituted a more permanent government under a republican name, which, as the only existing government, has secured foreign recognition, but which, having sprung from the annexation conspiracy of 1893, and being identified with it by its very *personnel*, exists only for the purpose of carrying out the original object of the plot in which officers of the United States lawlessly took an active part.

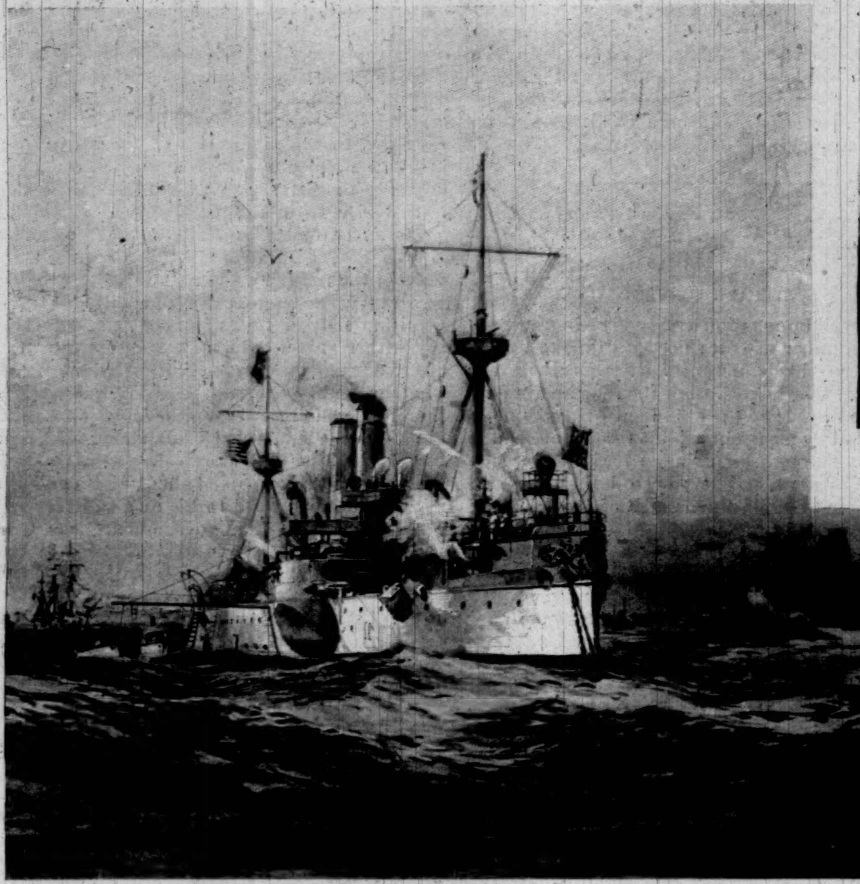
Senator **Morgan**'s resolution affirms further "that, in conformity with the existing Constitution of the republic of Hawaii, and so long as the same is in force, the powers of government reside in and are to be exercised by the incumbents of the departments, tribunals, and offices created by said Constitution, and filled in pursuance of law, and the lawful electors under said Constitution who qualify as such by taking the oath of allegiance prescribed therein, are entitled to share in the government of Hawaii, according to the rights secured to them in said Constitution, and to the extent and in the manner therein provided, so long as the same is in force." This again is true as far as it goes, but again it is not the whole truth; and again that part of the truth which is hidden under a heap of pompous words is the most important part to the American people in judging of the moral merits of the pending question—namely, that under the present constitution of Hawaii only a small minority of the Hawaiian people are "entitled to share in the government"; that this so-called republican government is essentially an oligarchy; that political rights are substantially restricted to the supporters of those in power, it being a notorious fact not seriously denied by anybody that if the people of Hawaii were permitted to vote on the main object for which that government exists, annexation of Hawaii to the United States, an overwhelming majority would vote in the negative. Senator **Morgan** has therefore every reason to point out with the severest precision that in Hawaii nobody has anything to say with regard to this matter except the "lawful electors under said constitution who qualify as such by taking the oath of allegiance prescribed therein," which oath of allegiance substantially sanctions the revolution of January, 1893, and, by implication, the object thereof.

Having thus by his statement of Hawaiian constitutional law proved to his own satisfaction that the present Hawaiian government has the right to sell or give away its country without the assent of a majority of the people, Senator **Morgan**, in his resolution, proceeds thus: "And said government of the republic of Hawaii having in due form signified its consent that the Hawaiian Islands shall be annexed to and become a part of the United States of America, it is hereby enacted and declared that said cession is accepted, ratified, and confirmed, and that said Hawaiian Islands are annexed as a part of the territory of the United States of America, and are subject to the sovereign dominion thereof."

Senator **Morgan** no doubt thinks that if the present Hawaiian government can be shown to have, in point of form, the right to cede, and the United States the right to take, there is nothing more to be considered than the question whether the bargain would be advantageous to the parties respectively. He simply overlooks the moral side of the transaction. It does not seem to have occurred to him that, even if the bargain were ever so profitable, there might be motives of conscience, considerations of national honor, rendering its consummation morally impossible. Had the Hawaiian Islands been voluntarily offered to us by the native government, or even had the revolutionary movement in behalf of annexation been carried through without being countenanced and aided by officers and forces of the United States, then, the assent of the Hawaiian people being obtained, the American people might be governed by mere considerations of expediency in deciding the question whether to accept or not to accept the offered territory. But when we are confronted by the universally recognized fact that the revolutionary movement in favor of annexation was wrongfully aided, if not instigated, by our own officers, and carried to success by the wrongful co-operation of our own forces; that the government offering us the Hawaiian Islands is the direct offspring of that revolutionary movement; and that, as everybody knows, an immense majority of the Hawaiian people are most earnestly opposed to annexation—we must admit that this republic can hardly accept the offer without placing itself in the attitude of a receiver of goods stolen with its connivance.

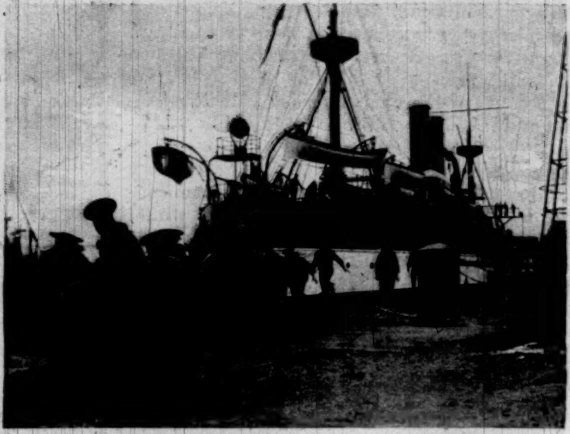
This might be brought home to doubting minds in Congress by moving for the joint resolution above quoted a substitute containing a plain statement of the facts, somewhat in this wise: "Whereas, in January, 1893, the native government of Hawaii was overturned by a revolutionary uprising which was actively aided by the minister of the United States and a detachment of United States forces landed at the minister's request from a United States man-of-war; and whereas the said revolutionary uprising was made and a provisional government set up avowedly for the purpose of effecting the annexation of Hawaii to the United States; and whereas the present government of Hawaii is the offspring of the said revolutionary movement, and is in part composed of its very leaders; and whereas the said government is essentially an oligarchy admitting only a small minority of the people to the exercise of political rights; and whereas the said oligarchy offers to transfer the sovereignty of Hawaii to the United States without the assent of the Hawaiian people, it being well known that an overwhelming majority of the Hawaiian people are opposed to such transfer—be it resolved, etc., etc."

The truthfulness of the preamble being conceded, which it must be, as the facts recited are notorious, it may well be questioned how any American solicitous of the honor of his country can think of following it up with a resolution favoring the proposed annexation.



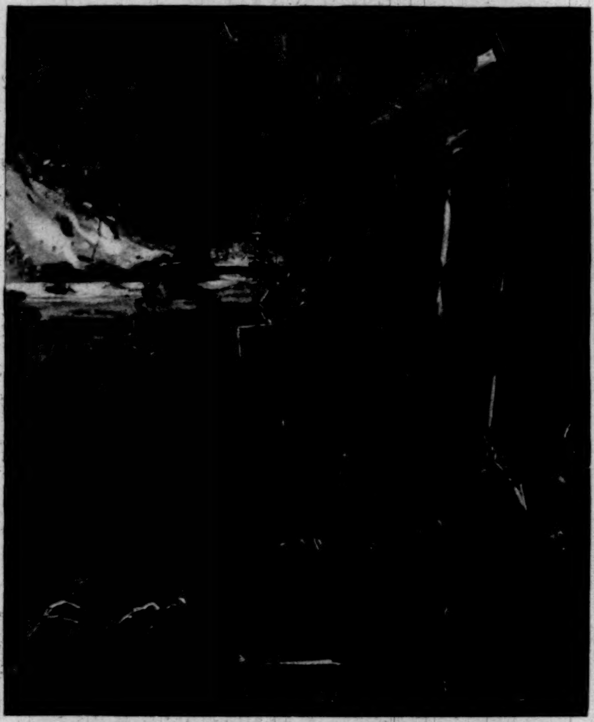
German School-Ship "Charlotte." Spanish Flag-Ship "Alfonso XII."

"MAINE" SALUTING SPANISH FLAG-SHIP ON ARRIVING IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

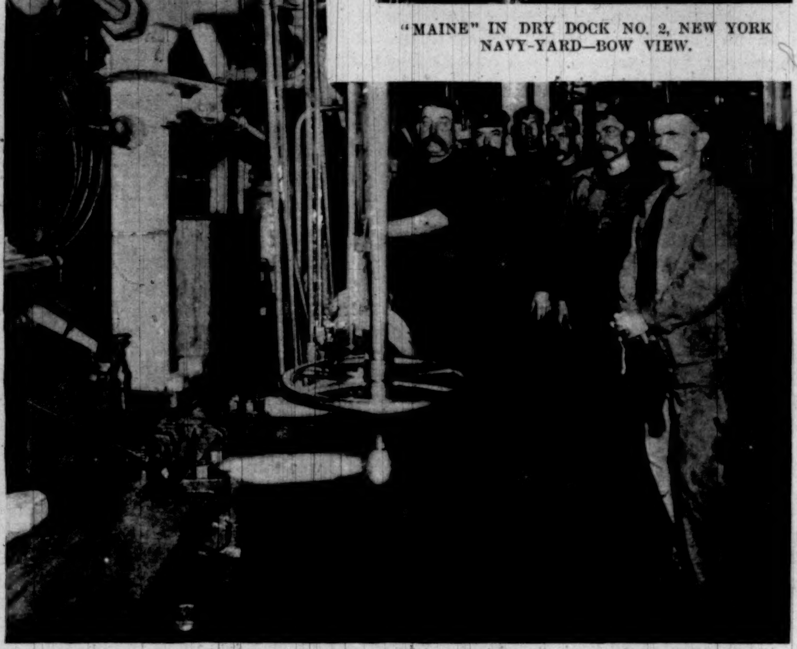


"MAINE" LEAVING THE NEW YORK NAVY-YARD FOR THE SOUTH—HAULING ASHORE THE MOORING-CHAINS.

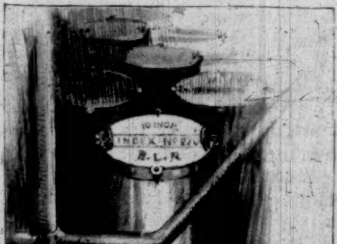
"MAINE" IN DRY DOCK NO. 2, NEW YORK NAVY-YARD—BOW VIEW.



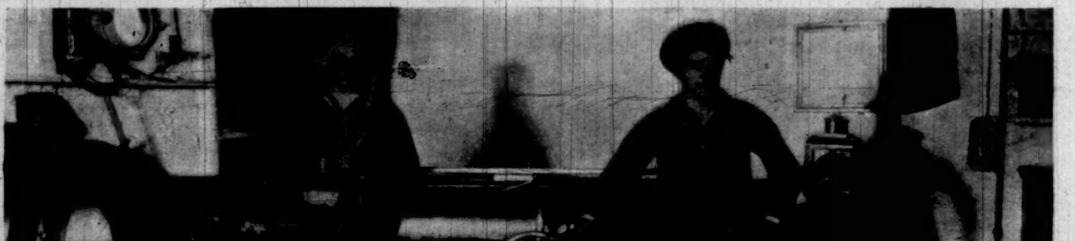
OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE SPANISH FLAG-SHIP HASTENING TO THE RESCUE.—[Drawn in Accordance with Havana Despatches.]



IN THE ENGINE-ROOM OF THE "MAINE."

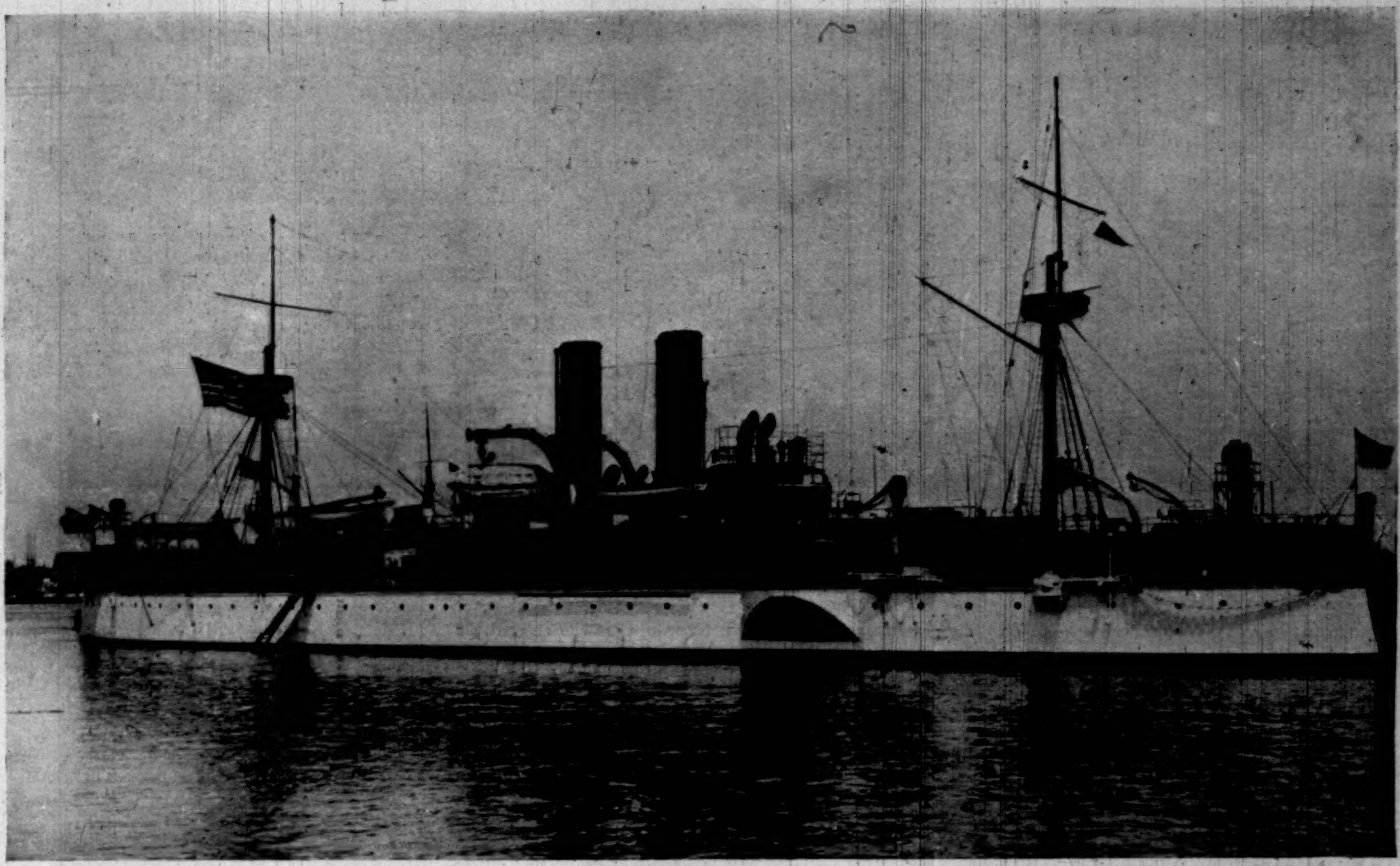


IN THE MAGAZINE.
Each tightly sealed Copper Tank contains a Half-Charge.



THE "MAINE'S" FORWARD TORPEDO-TUBE.

LOSS OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE" IN HAVANA HARBOR, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.



UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE" JUST BEFORE SAILING FOR SOUTHERN WATERS.—PHOTOGRAPH BY E. MULLER.

THE DISASTER TO THE BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."

THE country was startled on the morning of February 16 by the news that an explosion had occurred on the United States battle-ship *Maine*, and that in consequence the vessel was a total wreck and most of the ship's company had been lost. When details of the disaster reached us it was found that all the officers had been saved except two. These two were Lieutenant (junior grade) Friend W. Jenkins, of Pennsylvania, and Assistant-Engineer Darwin R. Merritt, from Iowa. The other casualties are mentioned below, in a despatch from Washington.

The *Maine* had gone to Havana under orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and although there was peace between Spain and the United States, there is intense hostility on the part of the extreme Spanish party in Havana towards the United States. The knowledge of this at first caused the feeling that probably some enthusiastic or demented Spaniard had blown up the ship in some undefined way, but our Washington despatch says the cause of the accident is a mystery. But while the cause of the accident is a mystery, the belief is growing that it was purely accidental, and that the explosion came from the inside of the ship.

This explosion occurred about 9.45 on the evening of Tuesday, February 15. The night was intensely dark; the *Maine* was anchored about five hundred yards from the arsenal, and two hundred yards from the floating dock. The American Ward Line steamer *City of Washington* was about two hundred yards away, and a little farther off still was the Spanish cruiser *Alfonso XII*. Captain Sigsbee, who was in command of the *Maine*, was in bed in his cabin; Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, the executive officer, was in his own cabin smoking; the crew were asleep—when suddenly without warning came the terrible explosion which instantly killed most of the sailors, the explosion having taken place forward under the men's quarters.

The force of the explosion was great enough to shake the whole city water-front, put out the electric lights near the shore, and throw down many telegraph and telephone poles. The officers knew at once from the force of the explosion that the ship was wrecked; but, after the manner, we are proud to say, of American naval officers, they behaved with the coolness and courage which the terrible circumstance demanded. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, the ship being in perfect darkness, struck a match and hurried at once to the Captain's cabin, where he found Captain Sigsbee thrown from his berth, but uninjured. The Captain's first order was given to a seaman to flood the magazine containing about five tons of gunpowder. The man jumped away, did his work, but never returned.

Almost immediately after the explosion a great flame broke out from the *Maine* and illuminated the dark harbor. In the mean time, the city having been aroused by the noise, the people rushed to the water-front to learn its cause. They do not seem to have been long in doubt, and everything possible was done by the Spanish officers on shore and on the war-ship in the harbor to aid the survivors. The harbor was lighted up not only by the glare of the *Maine*, but by a number of search-lights and electric lights, and boats were at once lowered from the Ward steamer and from the *Alfonso XII.*, and hastened to the *Maine*. The boats from the Spanish ship carried away thirty-seven of the wounded men, and those from the *City of Washington* twenty-four. With the men who were carried to the *Alfonso XII.* went the ship's chaplain, the Rev. J. P. Chidwick, who rendered both spiritual consolation and physical aid.

Captain Sigsbee seems to have been among the coolest of all the brave men who were working to save the lives of the wounded and to secure a refuge for those who had not been injured. **Of the ship's company of 353 not more than 48** escaped without injury. Boats from the *Maine* that were not wrecked were filled with wounded, who were carried to Havana, where they were cared for in the hospital, all the available forces of the city being employed in taking care of the injured. General Blanco himself was at the head of the forces who cared for the Americans. Captain Sigsbee was the last man to leave the ship, and stepped into a boat only when he had seen that every living man who could be reached had been taken out. After this he went in the launch to the *Alfonso XII.*, and tendered his thanks to the Captain and his officers for their help. From there he went on board the *City of Washington*, where he arrived at midnight, and met Consul-General Lee and others.

The news of the disaster came from various sources. Captain Sigsbee himself reported at once, and with characteristic forethought begged that the public judgment should be suspended until an inquiry could be had into the cause of the accident. He seems to have realized that the sensational newspapers and the Jingoes would make the most of the accident to inflame the passions of the people against Spain. This they did, with all their malignant ingenuity. A special cabinet meeting was held at Washington, but it was wisely decided that nothing should be said of the disaster until the government was in possession of some evidence as to the cause of it.

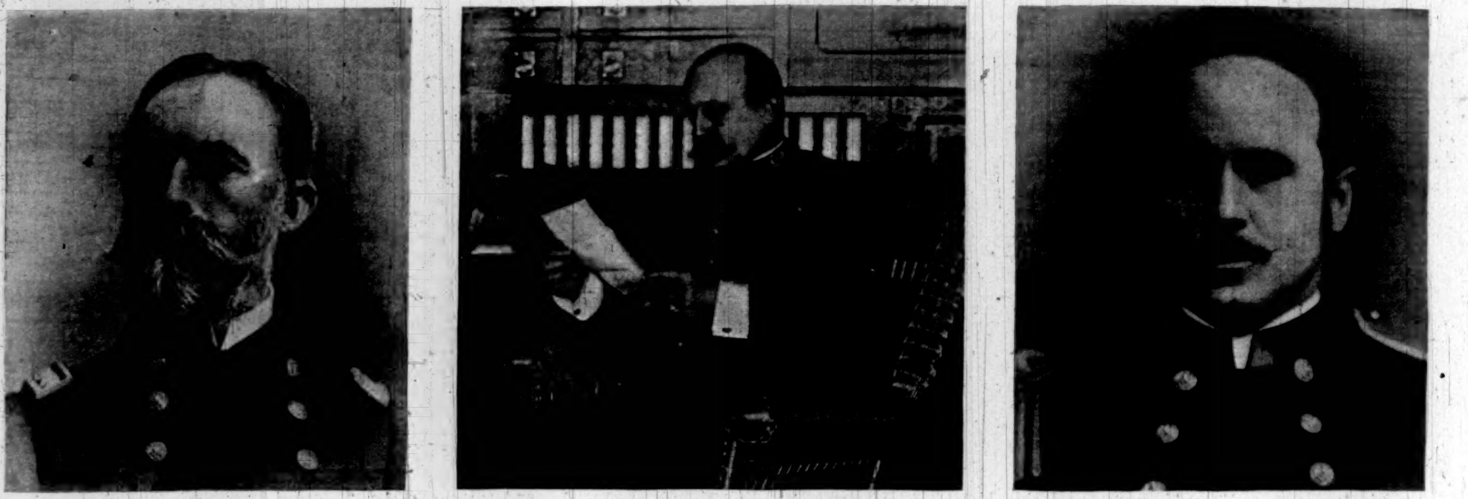
Captain-General Blanco cabled to Madrid and to Washington, and Señor du Bosc, Chargé d'Affairs of the Spanish Legation at Washington, called at once at the State Department to express his sympathy. Flags have been half-masted on the public buildings of Havana as well as on the public buildings of this country. Resolutions of sympathy have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, and the feeling is that the men who perished by this disaster are entitled to that sympathy and affectionate remembrance which men who fall in battle for their country always receive.

The news of the disaster is horrifying the whole civilized world, and expressions of sympathy for the sufferers, for the nation, and for the navy, and of admiration for the manly and intelligent conduct of Captain Sigsbee, have been received at our foreign legations and at Washington from the Queens of Great Britain and Spain, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, from Emperor William of Germany, from President Faure of France, and from the Spanish cabinet, which in the midst of the excitement has also sent to the President a disavowal of sympathy with the contents of Minister De Lome's letter. The disaster has also been made the subject of remarks in the British House of Commons, where John Dillon asked the First Lord of the Admiralty for information. The tone of the remarks of British officers and public men, including Lord Charles Beresford, has been most friendly towards this country; and Lord Beresford was especially eulogistic of the conduct of Captain Sigsbee and generally of the officers of the American navy, with many of whom he is well acquainted. This is also characteristic of the remarks of the English newspapers, who seem to be as much gratified and as proud of the conduct of our officers as if they had been officers of their own navy.

In the mean time, although, as we have said, some of the Jingoes and the sensational newspapers have done their best to promote ill feeling by spreading abroad

HON. JOHN D. LONG,
Secretary of the United States Navy.

REAR-ADMIRAL SEGISMUNDO BERMEJO Y MERELO,
Spanish Minister of Marine.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U.S.N.
President.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ADOLPH MARIX, U.S.N.

CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK, U.S.N.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—MEMBERS OF THE NAVAL COURT OF INQUIRY.

every suspicion and every rumor hostile to Spain that springs from excited imaginations or half-information, there have been much self-restraint and a strong and praiseworthy disposition on the part of the public to wait for an investigation and to hope that the explosion resulted from accident.

As time went on, the sympathy manifested by the Spaniards in Havana for the victims of the disaster seemed to allay the excitement stimulated in the public mind by sensational newspapers, every one of whose rumors indicating that the explosion had been caused from without, by some one from the shore or in the harbor, having been proved to be a wilful and malicious untruth. Not only had General Blanco turned over the public hospital to the use of our officers and men, but a plot of ground in the cemetery of Havana was given to them for the burial of their dead. On Thursday nineteen of the dead sailors were buried, with great ecclesiastical, naval, and military ceremonies. Fifty thousand people crowded the streets of Havana and paid respect to the dead. The Bishop of Havana, General Parrado, and Admiral Manterola took charge of the arrangements, by order of the Spanish government. The bodies, having first laid in state, being covered with floral and other emblems presented by officials of Havana and by private citizens of the city and of the United States, were carried to the cemetery, escorted by General Parrado—General Blanco looking at the procession from the balcony of his palace—and by foreign consular officers. Consul-General Lee, Captain Sigsbee, Lieutenant-Commanders Wainwright and Cowles, and all the officers and men of the *Maine* surviving accompanied the remains, General Lee, Captain Sigsbee, and Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright being chief mourners. All bodies washed ashore since the funeral have been or will be buried with only a private service.

The government had by Friday, February 18, made arrangements as to setting divers at work for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the disaster, in aid of the investigating officers, and it was further determined that the inquiry should be made by Americans alone, and without the co-operation of the Spaniards. Congress appropriated $200,000 for the work of saving as much property as possible from the sunken ship, and bills were introduced for the relief of the survivors, who lost all their personal effects on account of the suddenness of the disaster. It was found impracticable to preserve any of the remains for transportation to the United States. Congress has appropriated money to pay the surviving relatives of the dead seamen the amount of pay these men would have received during the next twelve months. The President, with the first official confirmation of the news of the disaster, ordered a cessation of all official receptions, dinners, and other festivities at Washington, and as Lent is so near at hand the season may be said to have been brought to a close. The Spanish cruiser *Vizcaya* reached the outer harbor of New York on February 18, and anchored off Staten Island on Sunday, February 20. She is closely guarded by federal and city authorities.

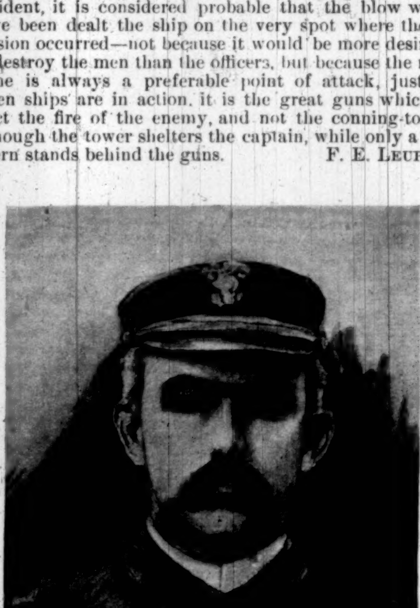
The Department has appointed the following officers to investigate the cause of the disaster: Captain W. T. Sampson of the *Iowa*, Captain F. E. Chadwick of the *New York*, Lieutenant-Commander W. P. Potter of the *New York*, and Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix of the *Vermont*.

The following comes to us from Washington, and gives the feeling and opinion of the Navy Department on the matter:

The latest news received from official sources at the Navy Department up to noon of Monday, February 21, left the disaster to the *Maine* as much a mystery as ever. The Department had ordered an investigation by the use of divers and every other available means, and that the work be pushed with all the speed compatible with accuracy. Out of this fact grew a report, which was discredited at the Department, but widely circulated elsewhere, that one of the divers employed had discovered a percussion hole in one of the outside plates on the *Maine*, under the magazine, indicating that the explosion was caused by a torpedo striking the ship from without.

The theory entertained by the Secretary of the Navy is that the disaster was the result of pure accident. Even if a torpedo had blown a hole into the ship and exploded the magazine, the direction of the explosion might not be ascertainable, for, in the judgment of experts, the explosion inside would be quite likely to widen the hole through which the missile entered and reverse all the signs. Little hope is entertained, therefore, of obtaining positive proof as to the source of the disaster. As one old sea-dog expressed it, the historians of the civil war are still quarrelling as to whether the *Tecumseh* was sunk by a torpedo when she entered the harbor of Mobile. Some who have combated that theory have insisted that the ship was overturned by the shifting of her guns; others have gone so far as to assert that her own spar-torpedo was in some way twisted back upon itself and blew a hole into her prow. In like manner he believes that the fate of the *Maine* will continue an unsolved mystery for historians to wrangle over. Meanwhile all that we shall positively know is that the explosion occurred forward, and hence that the seamen rather than the officers were the sufferers; that not more than 26 of the men remained uninjured, 57 being wounded and 246 killed, and that two of the 24 officers are certainly lost. If the disaster were the result of design and not of accident, it is considered probable that the blow would have been dealt the ship on the very spot where the explosion occurred—not because it would be more desirable to destroy the men than the officers, but because the magazine is always a preferable point of attack, just as, when ships are in action, it is the great guns which attract the fire of the enemy, and not the conning-tower, although the tower shelters the captain, while only a subaltern stands behind the guns.

F. E. Leupp.



LIEUTENANT FRIEND W. JENKINS, U.S.N.
Killed in the Explosion on U.S.S. "Maine."

MUSIC.

The past fortnight has been one of attractive musical schemes, as well as a brisk term of delightful music itself. Desire for a symphonic orchestra local to New York, established on a basis that might make its working membership really "permanent," and concerned only with straightforward interests of the best concert kind, is not a new thing. Over and over has our public been shown that Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, and smaller communities are better off than are we in this respect. True, New York has its Philharmonic and its valuable Symphony Society's band. We have Mr. Seidl, nominally possessed of his own orchestra, to be heard under one set of circumstances or another. We have lately heard Mr. Franko's promising associates. But we have nothing that means a given and large number of the best sort of players, decently salaried to play and rehearse, to rehearse and play in New York city, under a single and capable leader; this to the exclusion of all other professional work and responsibilities on their part, from season to season. The men in all our present symphonic bands are obliged to do many kinds of commonplace, hack musical duty. They must do this merely to make income enough to live on. Often they go from symphony concert to a ball-room; and equally often the same men that one hears in the afternoon, playing Beethoven and Wagner—and very likely blamed for rough or dull interpretations—have not had sleep enough from their night's hard work at some fashionable or unfashionable dance to read their notes clearly and to handle their bows and keys save as rather superior machines.

Rehearsals, too, cost. All our important or unimportant orchestral societies save every penny on them that they possibly can. New works should not be played without full and careful study by any band; but again and again New-Yorkers must pay to hear concerts where the programme, to all artistic result, is one that is being read off at sight. The Philharmonic Society's government, our oldest and most severely respected orchestra, has not yet changed the title of its Friday afternoon performances. They are still styled "rehearsals." There are no interruptions to the music, to be sure, for the purpose of instructing the musicians in niceties that may escape them. But the old title is not yet inappropriate, for the rehearsal-quality is strong in them obviously, and it would be better to go back to the old afternoon liberty of stopping the music and of going over passages whenever the conductor might discern his players to be at fault. A scrambling, partial rehearsal, on an earlier day in the week, held chiefly for the benefit of the soloist's work, is not adequate preparation. A large repertory of standard and classical musical compositions must be played actually at sight; and even difficult novelties are sometimes nearly so delivered. Under such poor conditions for an orchestra's actual drill and for its preserving due feeling for music, what wonder if standards are forgotten save when merely the honored guests in our seasons remind us of them?

Take also the weekly work and annual livelihood of a high-class orchestra-leader here. So long as he is not salaried, and salaried well, by a guaranteed organization, so long as his talent is not concentrated on its interests, he always has an unsatisfactory berth in the musical ship. He is never sure of a real competency. He is dependent on all sorts of fluctuations of musical politics. He can be out of the best kind of a professional job at scurvily short notice. He must likewise find out all the different or indifferent work that he can get his hands on, not seldom sailing pretty close to the wind of professional indignities. He must forego constant association with the same set of players under his care. He must dismiss the idea of the incessant personal touch with them that makes for an ideal orchestral performance. He is apt to be blamed for poor playing, and finds himself scolded because the Heroic Symphony or Goldmark's "Sakoontala" Overture came clumsily off. The important factor in the unsatisfactory interpretation will have been that the men have had no opportunity to be freshened up in feeling and technic. Worse yet, some of the best players have had to be fiddling or blowing at a ball, and have sent what "substitutes" they could procure for their concert duty.

The committee on organization of the projected permanent orchestra last week reviewed the situation and discussed the amount of the fund desirable for putting the scheme on a sound basis. One million dollars was urged as needful, rather than any smaller guarantee. This is sensible. It is certainly by no means extravagant. A million dollars is not too much for meeting the pros and cons of a large symphony band's livelihood and business, especially at the outset. With careful management and with very considerable patience on the part of the stockholders, one is inclined to think that even in New York—where the really public interest in music has been full of disagreeable and discouraging surprises—the undertaking, by-and-by, can become totally self-supporting. In Boston and in Chicago that happy result has been more nearly idea and view to be encouraged and made much of in the reached every recent year. But that is not the particular plan's outset. The class of subscribers to be drawn toward the scheme includes a splendid group of very rich men, of very rich women. But, be it remembered, such a class must be considerably distinguished from the annual opera subscription and the Metropolitan's list of stockholders. A large fraction of the Metropolitan's wealthy and official attendance know next to nothing of symphonic music, care less about it, and they would be in their boxes evening by evening were the performances of no artistic consequence whatsoever. Opera is a social duty to these. The symphonic public is of them, but by no means wholly of them. It is stated that of the fund to be built up there is already pledged $35,000; that Mr. Grau will engage the orchestra for operatic work bringing in $60,000; and that Brooklyn would guarantee for concerts there about $25,000. It is to be greatly desired, nevertheless, that such an orchestra be kept clear of hack operatic duty. Perhaps this reserve cannot possibly be managed. But an opera season—five or six performances a week—brings much of the overwork and underwork of the present order of things.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The summons of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to President Dwight of Yale is somewhat peremptory, but not on that account any the less interesting. Pointing out that most college boys are young, and that rum is bad for them, it invites Dr. Dwight, first, to "forbid students under his charge to enter places where alcoholic liquors are sold for beverage use, to keep such liquors in their dormitories or rooms, or to have them furnished at their class or other spreads and banquets"; second, to "use his great influence to secure prohibition of the sale of intoxicants within the city of New Haven, the same as has been secured at Cambridge." Until the action indicated is taken at Yale the W. C. T. U. will "feel compelled to send its sons and brothers to institutions where these provisions for safety against intoxicating drinks have been adopted." The communication which conveys this information is signed by the officers of the national organization of the W. C. T. U., and is understood to express the sentiments of some 300,000 members.

This suggestion to Dr. Dwight seems part of a general movement seeking to restrict the bibulous opportunities of all college undergraduates, and perhaps of college graduates also. It appears to be related, in sympathy at least, to the recent effort to abate the Princeton Inn, and it follows a succession of stories, which have been circulated as widely as possible, which have represented Yale to be exceptionally and deplorably reprobate and drunken, and much more in need than most large colleges of having its propensities restrained. Yale men insist that such representations are slanderous, and that Yale, like most other American universities, is steadily growing more and more abstemious. Judge Howland of New York, a representative Yale graduate, is even reported to have declared that Yale is just as temperate as Harvard, an institution which the W. C. T. U. holds up as a model of restriction. This seems an adventurous claim, but no representative of Harvard has yet disputed it, and if it is true it is very much to Yale's credit, since for many years past the periodical incentives to conviviality following athletic events of various kinds have been much oftener operative in New Haven than in Cambridge.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, who thinks he knows something about the state of things at Yale, seems loath to believe that the university is as badly off as has been represented. He says:

> I have been acquainted with Yale for twenty years, and I have never seen the university in as good condition religiously as now. My oldest son graduated here; and if my other son, who is now in the Freshman class, gets as much good out of Yale as his brother did, I shall have reason to thank God through time and eternity.

If the W. C. T. U. ladies believe, as appears, that abhorrence of all forms of alcohol is the fruit most to be desired from a university education, it is proper to point out to them that there are a number of bibulous influences at Yale, for the disuse of which they seem to have forgotten to stipulate. In the study of the classics students are permitted to become familiar with sentiments of many heathen writers which the ladies could not approve. Horace, a scandalous person in several particulars, betrays unmistakably his toleration of the "beverage use" of alcoholic fluids, and most of the Greek and Latin poets exhibit analogous latitudinarian tendencies. That our young men, "lads in their teens and away from the restraining influences of home," may have their principles undermined by these dissolute ancients is a possibility which the W. C. T. U. ought not to overlook. It is the consenting mind that is really at the bottom of intemperance. To close the saloons and forbid lads to drink or harbor liquor is a futile expedient, as every one knows, if the prohibited indulgences are still desired. Until the Yale faculty has been constrained to use classical textbooks purged by the W. C. T. U. of bibulous incentives and allusions, it will be vain to expect the cause of prohibition in the university to make satisfactory progress.

Still, temperance may prosper even where prohibition lags. St. Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Yale is full of men who strive for the mastery, and strive to good purpose, and to such men it makes no difference whether there are fifty saloons in New Haven or five thousand. Such men, whether they are scholars or athletes, are bound, as an incident of effort, to "keep under the body and bring it into subjection." They do not need prohibitory rules. If the W. C. T. U. ladies have sons or brothers of this quality, let them send them to Yale by all means. They will be perfectly safe there, and will do the university good. But if the sons or brothers are weak in the knees and ill-adapted to cope with ordinary temptations, it is very possible New Haven is not a good place for them.

The name of Miss Frances Willard is the first of those signed to the communication to President Dwight. The newspapers print the unwelcome news of her death at midnight on February 17. However any of her contemporaries may have differed from her views of what restraints or reforms are expedient or practicable, there was no difference of opinion about her fidelity to a high purpose to make this world a better place, and to make people in general fitter to live in it.

The Boston *Transcript* reports that the trustees of the Lowell estate in Cambridge have notified the committee in charge of the proposed Lowell memorial park that the option given on that part of "Elmwood" which is in the market will be withdrawn on March 1. Unless the money for the park is raised this month, the land is to be cut up into building-lots. The latest effort to raise this money seems not to have been especially fruitful. The amount still lacking was, at last accounts, about $14,000.

Recent newspaper reports of very large sales of birds and feathers in Boston for millinery purposes gave the impression, which was regretfully recorded on this page of the Weekly, that the Audubon Society's work in Massachusetts was not as effective as it deserved to be. The society, however, continues instant in well doing, and does not repine. Its secretary writes that it prospers beyond anticipation, and its report, issued last October, shows a membership of nearly two thousand, and an organization which reaches into all parts of the State. No doubt the society feels that the work of exciting an effectual public sentiment for the protection of birds and against the use of them for purposes of adornment must necessarily be slow, but it has no idea of abating its efforts.

At the recent annual meeting of the Audubon Society of New York the Massachusetts society was held up to admiration because it had five times as many members as the New York society, and an income proportionately larger.

The story of the rescue of the passengers and crew of the *Veendam*, on February 7, in mid-ocean, by the *St. Louis*, makes delightful reading, of the sort that puts us all into conceit with human nature. It is pleasant that an American liner should have had this opportunity, and should have proved so admirably equal to it. To transfer 212 people in so short a time—three hours and ten minutes—in mid-ocean, with a high sea running, was an exploit to be proud of. Indeed, the whole transaction seems to have been creditable to every one concerned in it, and not less to the rescued than to the rescuers. There were order and discipline aboard the sinking ship, and very skilful and willing work by the men of the *St. Louis*. It came so near to being a tragedy, and, as it was, not a life was lost. That was grand! Fine things happen at sea, where the obligations of human brotherhood seem somehow to be much more imperative and more readily acknowledged than ashore.

The *Critic* says that Mark Twain has reached the terrible frankness of maturity and fame, and "tells tales like Bismarck, regardless whom he hits, so long as the blow is deserved." The example given is this Pudd'nhead Wilson sentence at the beginning of a chapter in his latest book: "She was not what you would call refined; she was not what you would call unrefined. She was the kind of woman who keeps a parrot."

That is indeed an illuminating instance of the working of Mark's mind. A private letter from Mr. Clemens to a friend in New York who is interested in statistics affords an analogous example of candor in this passage:

"The books which have most influenced my life? With pleasure. This is the list: *The Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, *Tramp Abroad*, *Prince and Pauper*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Yankee at the Court of Prince Arthur*, *Personal Reminiscences of Joan of Arc*, *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, *Following the Equator*, and the publications of the late firm of Charles L. Webster & Co."

Yes, and that veracious story-book, *The Jumping Frog*, the predecessor of all the works named, and possibly the most influential of the lot.

A contemporary suggests that when Señor de Lome spoke of the President as a "*politicastro*" he dropped a useful suggestion for the enrichment of English as we speak it. "Politicaster" is a pretty good word, not new (for Milton used it), but fallen into disuse, which seems to have at least as good a title to patronage as "poetaster." We don't often speak of "poetasters" nowadays; we call them "minor poets," or "humbler poets," and think those epithets imply sufficient disparagement. Perhaps we might spare "poetaster" without inconvenience, but it cannot be supposed that if it had been foreseen with what constancy and variety of denunciation the Americans would revile their public servants so convenient and euphonious a term as "politicaster" would have been suffered to drop out. The word is still in the dictionaries; it would be gratifying to see it in the newspapers. It is less clumsy than "pothouse politician," and meets about the same needs.

On February 6 there was a little news in the papers about Mr. William M. Evarts. He was eighty years old on that day, and we were told something about the condition of his health. His name is still a name to conjure with, but the infirmities of age press heavily upon him. His eyesight is impaired, and though he still often receives his old friends, he never leaves his house, and the inadequacy of his strength constrains him to a very quiet life.

Barnard College is fortunate in having Mr. Abram S. Hewitt accept, even temporarily, the chairmanship of its Board of Trustees, left vacant by Dr. Brooks. Mr. Hewitt brings zeal to the service which he has undertaken. He proclaims his wonder at the miraculous progress the college has made in the last three years, and calls for $100,000 to cover the cost of the equipment of the new buildings, and the preliminary cost of getting the institution in full working order. He starts the new subscription list himself with $1000, and already a month ago five other subscribers had pledged each that same amount.

The London *Spectator*, in discoursing about English and American clubs, notes, as a well-known phenomenon, "the very exclusive and aristocratic character of certain of the smartest American clubs," which, it says, approach more nearly to the nobles' clubs in a Continental provincial capital than to anything in Great Britain. The example it gives is a club for shooting and fishing, with a small membership, and an entrance-fee of £300.

There are a good many such little clubs in the country, but they are not so much clubs in the usual sense as organizations of intimates who unite to share the expense of some common pursuit or amusement. An association of gentlemen to hire a salmon river in Canada, or a game preserve in the Adirondacks or North Carolina, is nominally a club, but actually it is hardly more of a club than would be an organization to build an apartment-house in which each member should have a city home. "There are clubs in America," says the *Spectator*, "where, practically, admission cannot be gained unless the would-be member belongs to, or is connected with, the local group of first families." Can the Knickerbocker Club of New York be so described? or the Rittenhouse of Philadelphia? or the Somerset of Boston? If not, and the description seems not quite applicable to either of them, it would be interesting to know where these exclusive American clubs flourish. "Here," says the *Spectator*, "we seldom or never blackball because a man has not sufficient pedigree or family connection, but rather on personal grounds. There in the best clubs a man is not 'put up' unless he is 'one of our set.'" That will be news to most Americans who know or care anything about the clubs of their own country. It certainly is not true of the best clubs in New York, though it might be rash to say that a basis for it may not be found among clubs in other American cities. The social conditions in some of the older American cities are very curious, and probably without parallel in England. Where else in the world, for example, is there such a town as Philadelphia, which is old and rich and big, but very conservative, and not particularly cosmopolitan? Is there not a reasonable basis for the belief that there are a dozen American cities, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco, which have more individuality and more social independence than any British cities except London and Edinburgh? Still, only in the very largest cities, in New York and Philadelphia especially, would one look for such clubs as the *Spectator* tells about.

The twenty-second annual report of President Arthur Von Briesen, of the Legal Aid Society, tells of legal assistance given during 1897 to 5350 persons, of $35,979 actually collected in the office of the society, and $36,839 recovered by settlement outside the office. At least 3000 other applications received attention, but did not require actual legal service, and were not recorded. The society's business is to give legal assistance to persons too poor to engage counsel. It undertakes many cases where the claims would cost private counsel more to collect than they are worth. The recovery of a sewing-girl's four dollars, or an artisan's five or six dollars, honestly earned but withheld, comes within the scope of the society's good offices. Mr. Robert Goeller, the society's attorney for five years, has retired, and his successor is Mr. Carl Lincoln Schurz, who is in charge of the new offices at 239 Broadway. The expenses for 1897 were $7953; income from members, $4670; from clients, $1132. For the necessary balance the society had to beg, and it wants more members at $20 a year, and more associate members at $10, to increase its income and enable it to cover the larger field of Greater New York.

A plan is afoot in New York to build one or more hotels for the exclusive use of self-supporting women. The proposition is to organize a corporation to be known as the Woman's Hotel Company, with a capital of one million dollars, the corporation to be formed when $500,000 is subscribed. Then land is to be bought, and a hotel built to hold about a thousand boarders. Plans for such a hotel have been drawn, subject to change, and subscription papers circulated. The list of subscribers is headed by Mr. John S. Kennedy and Mr. Morris K. Jesup, each of whom takes 200 shares, worth $20,000. The committee on organization includes Messrs. H. B. Turner, C. S. Fairchild, C. F. Cox, J. Kennedy Tod, and Charles D. Kellogg, the last-mentioned gentleman being the acting secretary of the proposed company, with offices in the United Charities Building.

People who know about the self-supporting women of New York say that such a hotel as is planned is urgently needed, and would be sure of patronage. Various authorities submit that there are 2000 art students in town every year, 2000 students of music, 2000 trained nurses and medical students, and thousands of journalists, stenographers, physicians, and other business and professional women. It is estimated that there are 40,000 self-supporting women in this city who could afford to live at such a hotel as is planned. The minimum cost of board and lodging in it would be six dollars a week. It is computed that a hotel containing 825 rentable rooms (besides lodgings for its house-staff) would pay, when full, a gross income from all sources of $435,456. Its estimated expenses would be $253,053, which gives an apparent surplus of $182,403. These expense estimates, which have been verified by five widely known and successful hotel-managers, seem to show that the hotel would pay, though, whatever the profits, shareholders would not receive more than five per cent. interest on their investment.

The project is interesting, and, in view of the success of the Mills Hotel, it will not be surprising if it is really tried. Of course the scheme projected calls for a scale of entertainment very much superior to what the Mills Hotel attempts; indeed, it seems like a revival of A. T. Stewart's ill-fated project, of which the Park Avenue Hotel is the lasting memorial.

One thing about which subscribers to such a scheme would seem likely to want information is rules. By what regulations are the boarders in this hotel to be governed, and will they be subject to restrictions which other hotels do not find necessary? On this point the preliminary prospectus does not give information.

It is rumored that the spring fashions for women show a continuing subsidence of the puffed sleeve. The sleeve some time ago ceased to be a cause of alarm, and in its present proportions might easily have been tolerated for a long time to come. But that, of course, would not suit the fell purposes of the fashion-mongers, whose scheme is to let the sleeve dwindle until it reaches its lowest possible limits, and then gradually swell it again to the full balloon size. The prime purpose of the artificers of fashion is to induce the greatest amount of change which womankind will endure. In order to be adopted, changes in costume must be gradual. Woman will not adopt a new fashion of garb which makes all her old clothes impossible; and yet it would not please her to have the gowns of two successive seasons made alike. A change always, but not too violent a change—that seems to be the requirement the designers have to meet.

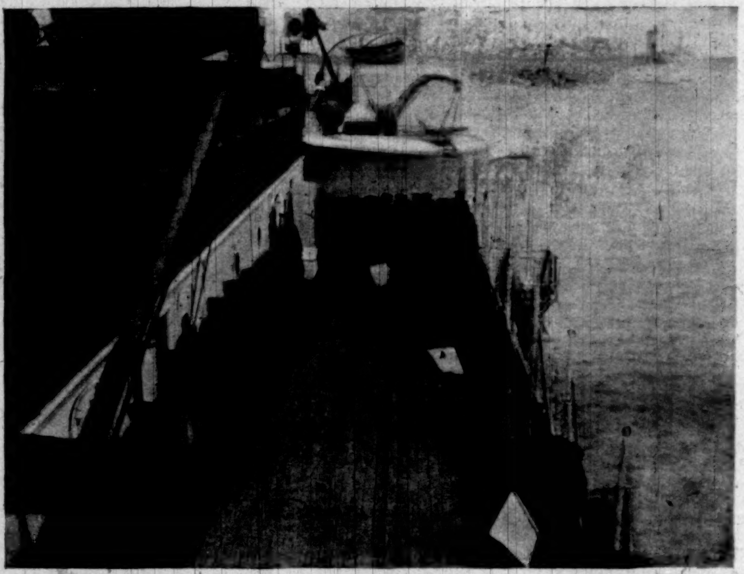
There has been a great and general improvement within fifteen years in the phrasing of obituary resolutions. Persons, still pitiably young, may remember when almost all the formal obituary resolutions that appeared in the newspapers began: "*Whereas* it has pleased an inscrutable Providence to remove our late neighbor, James Smith, *Resolved*, That we submit," etc. This form seems no longer to be in general use. The resolutions of the day take some things for granted, and are a good deal more tersely and simply contrived.

E. S. Martin.

JUNIOR OFFICERS.

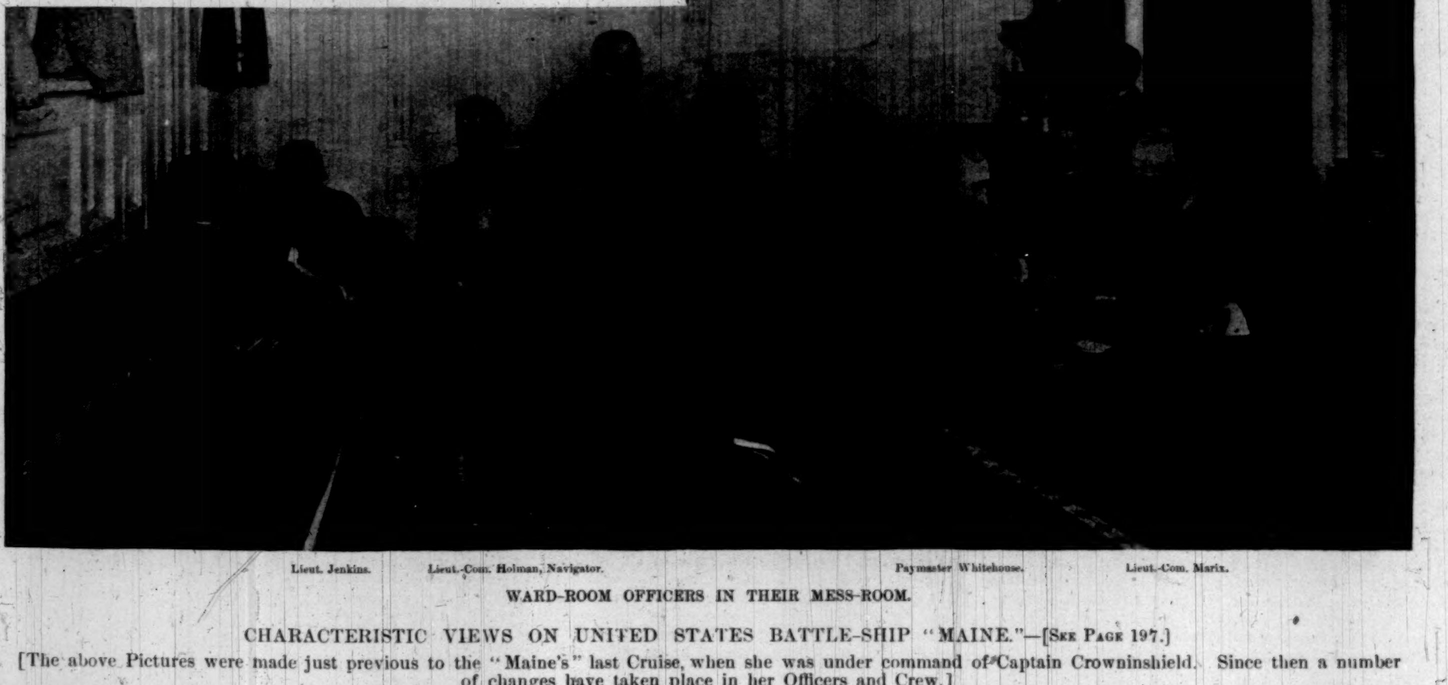
MEMBERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY UNION.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS' MESS.



SIGNAL DRILL.

COAL-PASSERS.

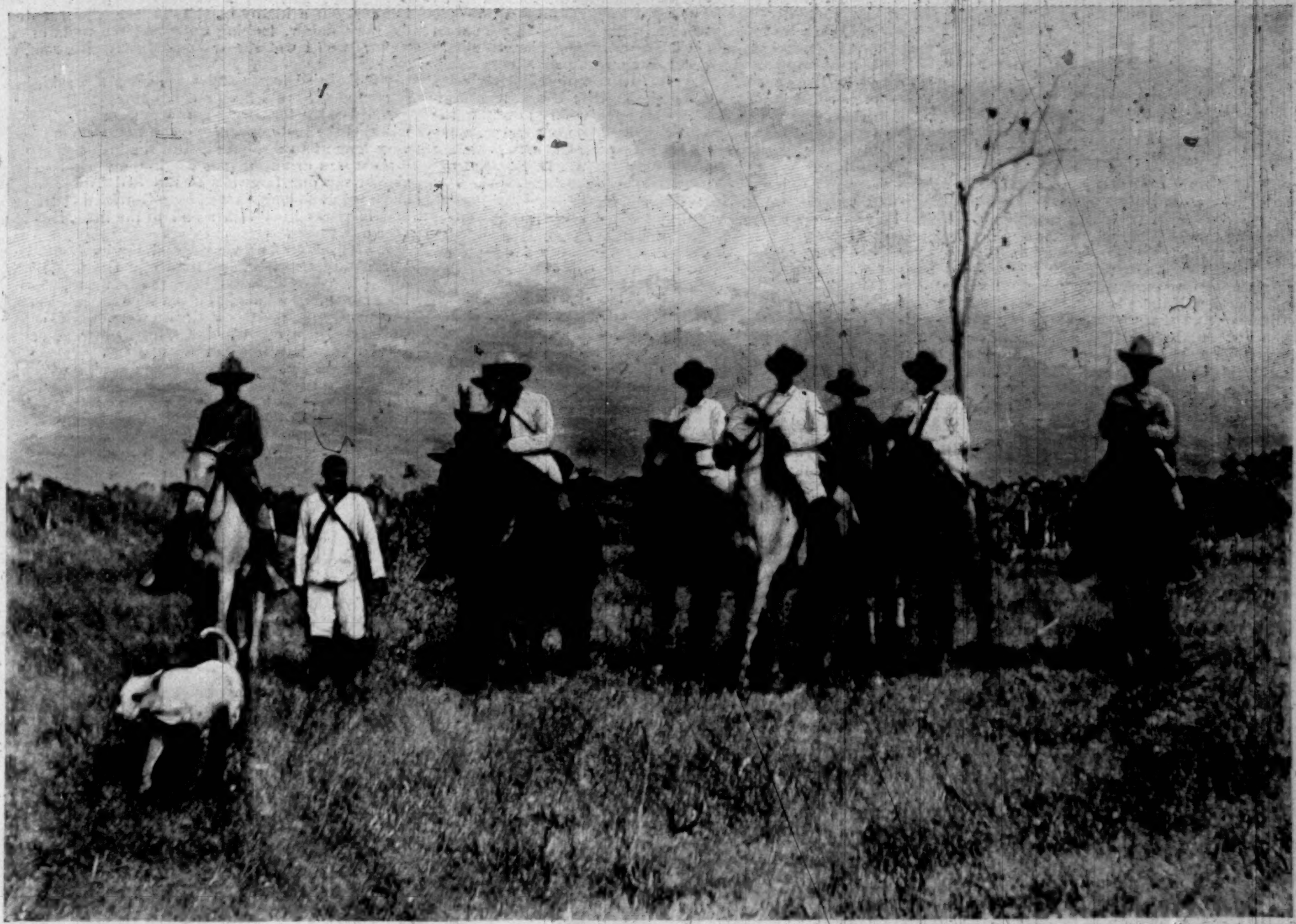


Lieut. Jenkins. Lieut.-Com. Holman, Navigator. Paymaster Whitehouse. Lieut.-Com. Marix.

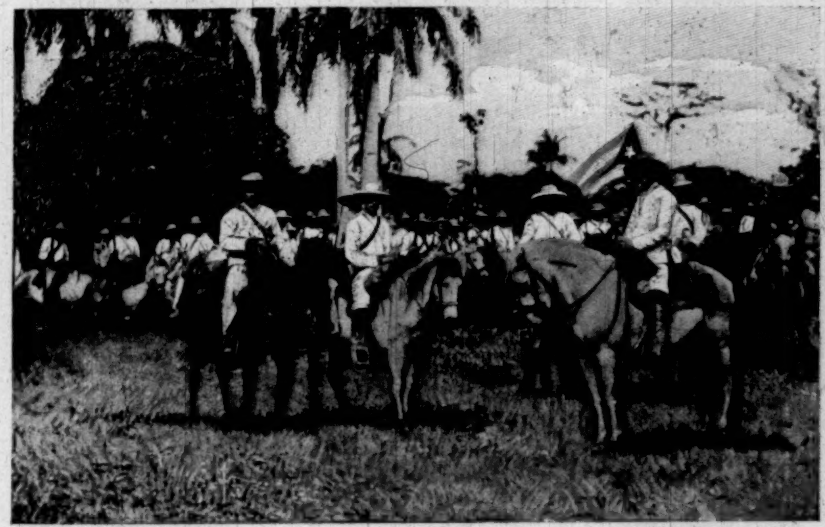
WARD-ROOM OFFICERS IN THEIR MESS-ROOM.

CHARACTERISTIC VIEWS ON UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."—[SEE PAGE 197.]

[The above Pictures were made just previous to the "Maine's" last Cruise, when she was under command of Captain Crowninshield. Since then a number of changes have taken place in her Officers and Crew.]

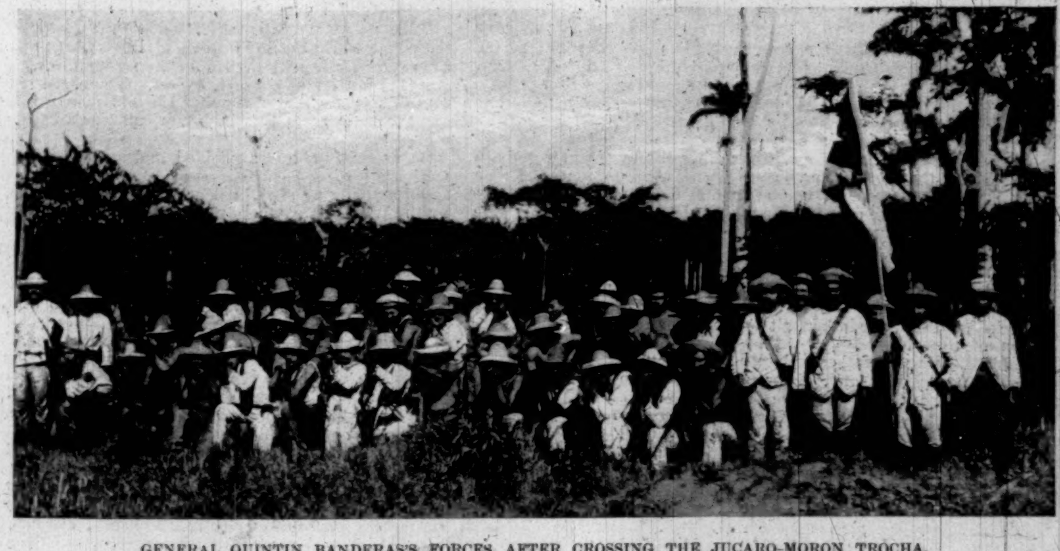


PRESIDENT MASÓ AND HIS MILITARY STAFF.



GENERAL VEGA AND HIS FORCE.

THREE YOUNG INSURGENTS.



GENERAL QUINTIN BANDERAS'S FORCES, AFTER CROSSING THE JUCARO-MORON TROCHA.

THE ONLY PRIEST WITH THE INSURGENT FORCES.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.—From Photographs by F. D. Pagliuchi, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE rise of the theatre trust is a fact of modern economics which I find full of suggestion, if not encouragement, for it shows how easily and completely the principle animating the combination may be applied to almost any branch of art, science, ethics, or religion. I have never myself been able to see how this principle differed from the principle animating any form of business; it seems to me that the distinction, if there is any, is quantitative rather than qualitative, and that the trust is only a business organized so vastly and powerfully as to crush out at once the competition which smaller businesses are slower in killing. But this preconception of mine is of little moment in the presence of this latest manifestation of the commercial spirit in regions hitherto fancied safe from it; though they were really never safe from it.

It is only a few years since the philosophical observer began to be amused by the tendency of all the theatres in New York to group themselves under one management, and he had hardly had his laugh out when the colossal joke of a theatre trust was sprung upon the public. This might very well have been supposed to end the pleasantry, but it was merely the beginning of the fun, and now we are told that the trust, in its droll way, controls all but seventeen of the principal theatres throughout the country; that it supplies the dramatic entertainments everywhere, and employs most of the histrionic talent. It has indeed driven some great actors who oppose it to making speeches against it, but in the houses which it pre-empts it causes the band to play when they come before the curtain for this purpose, and drowns their voices quite as if it were a paternal power dealing with oratory on the scaffold.

This behavior of the trust has of course threatened the prosperity of the theatrical profession. It is apparent that it must hereafter greatly limit the number of actors, not to say actresses, and there is a good deal of anxious inquiry among them as to their respective fitness to survive in circumstances so much beyond their control. If we had any drama, it would be equally fatal to our drama, but as we have none, our dramatists can safely challenge the trust to do its worst. Upon the same ground our public may defy it, for in the sense of a public with taste of its own, or any intelligence concerning the theatre, we have no more public than drama. But the phenomenon which we are confronted with has a vital interest for actors; and I do not deny them my sympathy in speculating upon the extension of the trust principle (if there is such a thing) in other walks of life.

One cannot say where the trust will next appear, to decimate and devour. I was thinking that it might be the pulpit which would fall under its sway, but I reflected in time that there have always been trusts in matters of religion, and that every church has been a trust which suffered no sort of competition if it could help it. The trust methods in past ages (not to say our own) have been so perfectly applied by the different sects according to their power that it might almost be supposed the business trusts had studied their methods from the history of the ecclesiastical trusts.

In fact the business trusts have not yet gone to the extremes which the ecclesiastical trusts reached in dealing with competition; but in modern times there has been a growing laxity in the treatment of rival beliefs, and perhaps the time will come when a number of long-headed business men will combine to control the churches of the country, and to supply the pulpits with ministers in their employ, and so far dictate the doctrine the public shall receive from them.

There is no reason why we should not expect the application of trust principles to the supply of literature. If the magazines go on multiplying and cheapening themselves at the ruinous rate they have done of late years, some shrewd financier will see his way to buying them all up and issuing one great trust periodical in which the public would be given what the trust chose to offer it. All the leading writers could be hired to write for it at a very low rate, since there would be nothing else to write for, and the cost of literature, like kerosene, could be enormously reduced in price to the masses, as long as competition threatened, and correspondingly increased when the danger passed. The advantage to the public of having its fiction supplied by a trust will be apparent to any one who considers how very little variety there is in novels, and how easily they could be written by a trained corps of well-paid romancers from a selection of favorite patterns. Trust criticisms, all of an appreciative brand, could be furnished by the same combination.

In journalism a trust is even more feasible. One Republican and one Democratic newspaper could be edited in the metropolis under a central control and simultaneously issued throughout the country, with an incalculable saving of expense and no loss of principle.

A medical trust could probably doctor the community as effectively as the present multiplicity of practitioners, and on the whole save as many lives and limbs, for infinitely less money. There are some reasons why patients might prefer physicians supplied by a medical trust: they would be in less danger than they are now from beginners, for the trust would no doubt train its employés by long experiment *in corpore vile* before turning them loose on a paying clientage, and would retire them with suitable pensions before they were superannuated.

As for the fine arts, I see almost unlimited opportunity for the extension of the trust in their direction. In fact men much younger than myself can remember that after the war, when a grateful country began to put up monuments to its heroic dead, the demand for them was so great that a monument company was formed to supply them in the requisite number and ugliness. There has lately been talk of a building trust which should contract at once for the architecture and the construction of every sort of edifice; and every one who is in the habit of visiting our art exhibitions must own that it would save a vast deal of suffering on all sides if a large landscape and figure trust would undertake to cater to our art-loving public, which commonly does not know a good picture from a bad one, and is always in danger of imposition. There are only a few interesting artists in the country, and these might be bought up by the trust and set to work on subjects selected by the directors, who would know much better what our people want. In the case of artists of too great originality, who insisted upon doing incendiary novelties, the trust could take a hint from the method of some monopolies in buying up rebellious inventors, and pay them not to paint.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RED AXE IS LEFT ALONE.

GOTTFRIED GOTTFRIED bowed to the guest of his house with the noble manner which comes to every serious-minded man who deals habitually in the high matters of life and death. I made his introductions to the Lady Ysolinde, and as readily and gracefully he returned his acknowledgments. But I allowed Master Gerard's daughter to develop her own projects to him, which, indeed, she was no long time in doing.

As she proceeded I saw my father change color, and become, as to his face, almost as white as the Friesland cloth in which he was dressed. Presently, however, as if struck with the sound of a well-known name, he looked up quickly.

"Plassenburg, said you, my lady?" he inquired.

The Lady Ysolinde nodded.

"Yes, to Plassenburg, where the Princess has great need of a maid of honor."

"Her Highness is often upon her travels, I hear it reported," said my father, "while the Prince keeps himself much at home."

"He esteems his armies more than all the marvels of strange countries," replied Ysolinde, "and thus he holds the lands and folk in great quiet."

"And your father, Master Gerard, would have my son engage with him for a space? Well, I think it may be good for the lad. For I know that the shadow of the Red Tower stalks after him through the city of Thorn, and there is no need that he should lie down under it too soon. But this of my little maid is a matter apart, and means a longer and a sorer parting."

"Fear not, my father," cried the Playmate, eagerly; "I would not leave you alone, even to be the Princess of Plassenburg herself."

My father took another strange look from one to the other of the two women, the import of which I understood not then.

"I know not," said he; "I think it might all be for the best. As I see it, there are strange times coming upon us in Thorn. And the town of Plassenburg under the Prince Karl is a defenced city, set in a strong province, content and united. It might be for the best that you should go, little one."

"I cannot go," said Helene, "and leave you alone."

Gottfried Gottfried smiled a sad smile, wistfully pleasant.

"I am wellnigh an old man already, and it is the nature of my profession that I should be alone. I work among the issues of life and death. Every man must be lonely when he dies, and I, who have lived with dying men, am perforce lonely while I live. It is well, a clearer air for the young bird. But yet it will be lonesome to miss you when I come in—the empty pot wanting the flower, the case without the jewel; silence above and below; your voice and Hugo's, that have changed the sombre Red Tower with your young folks' pleasantries, heard no more. Ah, I had thought—I had dreamed—"

He stopped and looked from one to the other of us, and I saw that Ysolinde of the White Gate read his thought. Whereat right suddenly the Little Playmate blushed; and as for me I watched the dull gold flash on the spangles of our guest's waist-belt, which was in form like a live serpent, with changeful scales and eyes of ruby red.

My father went over to where Helene sat. She rose to meet him, and put her arms about his neck. He laid his right hand on her head—that terrible hand that was not dreadful to us who loved him.

"Little flower," he said, in his simple way, "God be good to you in the transplanting! It is not fair to your young life that the stain should lie upon your lot. I have given you a quiet hermitage while you needed it. But now it is right that my house should again be left unto me desolate. It is already late summer, and high time that the young brood should fly away!"

He turned to me.

"With you, Hugo, it is a thing different; you were born to that to which you are born. And to that, as I read your horoscope, you must one day return. But in the mean time care for the maid. I lend her to you. I give her into your hand. Cherish her well. Let her enemies be yours, and if harm come to her through your neglect, slay yourself ere you come before me. For, by the Lord God of Righteous Judgment, I will have no mercy!"

I saw the eyes of the Lady Ysolinde glitter like those of the snake in her belt as my father delivered Helene over to me.

But my father had yet more to say.

"And if any," he went on, in a deep still voice, keeping his hand upon the downcast head of the Little Playmate—"if any, great or small, prince or pauper, harm but a hair of this fair head, by the great God who wields His Axe over the universe and sits in the highest Halls of Judgment, whose servant I am, I, Gottfried Gottfried, swear that he shall taste the vengeance of the Red Axe and drink to the dregs the cup of the agony in his own blood!"

So saying, he kissed Helene and stalked out, without turning his head or making any further obeisance of farewell.

We sat mazed and confounded after his departure.

The Lady Ysolinde it was who first recovered herself. She put out a kindly hand to Helene, who sat drooping by the window, looking out upon the roofs of Thorn, though well I wot she saw nothing of spire, roof, or pinnacle.

"God do so to me and more also," she said, in a low solemn voice, "if I keep not this charge."

And I think for the moment she meant it. The trouble was that the Lady Ysolinde could not mean one thing for very long at a time. As indeed shall afterwards appear.

So it was arranged that within the week Helene and I should say our farewells to the Red Tower which had sheltered us so long, as well as to Gottfried Gottfried, who had been my kind father and to the little Helene more than any father.

But in spite of all we wearied day by day to be gone. For, indeed, Gottfried Gottfried said right. The shadow of the Red Tower, the stain of the Red Axe, was over us both so long as we abode on the Wolfsberg. Yet what it cost us to depart—at least till we were out of the gates of the city—I cannot write down, for to both of us the first waygoing seemed bitter as death.

My father had been busy all the morning with his grim work on the day when we were to ride away. A gang of malefactors who had wasted a whole country-side with their cruelty had been brought out. And as it was suspected that other more important villains were yet to be caught, there had been the repeated pain of the Extreme Question, and now there remained but the falling of the Red Axe to settle all accounts. So that when he came to bid us farewell he had but brief time to spare. And of necessity he wore the faithful crimson, which fitted his tall, spare figure like a glove.

"Fare thee well, little one!" he said, first, to Helene. "Not thus, had the choice lain with me, would I have bidden thee farewell. But when it shall be that I meet you again, I shall surely wear the white of the festa day. I commit you to Him whose mistakes are better than our good deeds, whose judgments are kinder than our mercies."

So he kissed her, and reached a hand over her shoulder to me.

"Son Hugo," he said, "go in peace. You will return to succeed me. I see it like a picture—on the day when I lie dead you shall stand with the Red Axe in your hand waiting to do judgment. It is well. Keep this maid more sacred than your life—and meantime, fare you well!"

So saying he left us abruptly.

Our horses were saddled in the court-yard, and as I rode last through the rarely opened gateway, I saw Duke Casimir looking out from his window upon the lower enclosure, as was his pleasure upon the day of execution. I heard the dull thud which was the meeting of the Red Axe and the redder block as that which had been between fell apart. And for the last time I heard the blood-hounds leap and the pattering of their eager feet upon the barriers.

Thus the latest I heard of the place of my nativity was fitting and dreadful. I was mortally glad to ride away into the clear air and the invigorating silence. But on my heart there still lay heavy the twice-repeated prediction of my father and of the Lady Ysolinde, that I should yet return and hold the Red Axe in his place.

But I resolved rather to die in the honest front of battle. Nevertheless, had I known the future, I would have seen that they, and not I, were right.

I was indeed fated to return and stand ready to execute doom with the Red Axe in my hand and my father lying dead near by.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRIME OF THE MORNING.

Now so strange a thing is woman that so soon as we were started down the High Street of the city of Thorn the Little Playmate dried her eyes, turned towards me in her saddle, and straightway began to take me to task as though I had been to blame.

"I have left," said she, "the only home I ever knew, and the only man that ever truly loved me, to accompany a young man that cares not for me, and a woman whom I have seen but once, to a far land and an unkindly folk."

"It is not fair," I said, "to say that I love you not. For, as God sees me, I have ever loved you—loved you best and loved you only, Helene! And though you are angered with me now, I know not why, still till now you have never doubted it."

"I doubt it sorely now, I know," she said, bitterly; "yet indeed I care not whether you or any love me at all."

And this saying I was greatly sorry for. It seemed a sad wayfaring from our old Red Tower and out of my native city of Thorn.

"Helene, little one," said I, "believe me, I love none in the whole world but my father and you. Trust me, I am to keep you safe with my life in the far land to which we go. Do not let us quarrel, littlest. There are only the two of us here that remember the old man my father, and the little room to which you came as a babe, all in white."

So presently she was pacified, and reached me a hand from the back of her beast, on pretence of leaning over to avoid a swinging sign in one of the narrow streets, near by the White Gate, where we were to meet the Lady Ysolinde.

"And yet more, Little Playmate," said I, keeping her hand when I had it, "do not begin by distrusting the noble lady with whom we are to travel. For she means well to us both, and in the strange country to which we go we may be wholly in her power."

"You are sure that you do not love that woman, then?" said Helene, without looking at me. For, indeed, in many things she was but a child, and ever spoke more freely than other maids, perhaps with being brought up in the Red Tower in the company of my father, who on all occasions spoke his mind just as it came to him.

"Nay," said I, "believe me, little love, I do not love her at all."

And now on horseback Helene looked all charming, and, what with the exercise, the adventure, and the reassurance, she had a glow of rose-color in her cheeks. She had never before been so far away from the precincts of the Wolfsberg. I had even taught her to ride in the court-yard, of a summer evening, on a horse borrowed from one of the Duke's squires.

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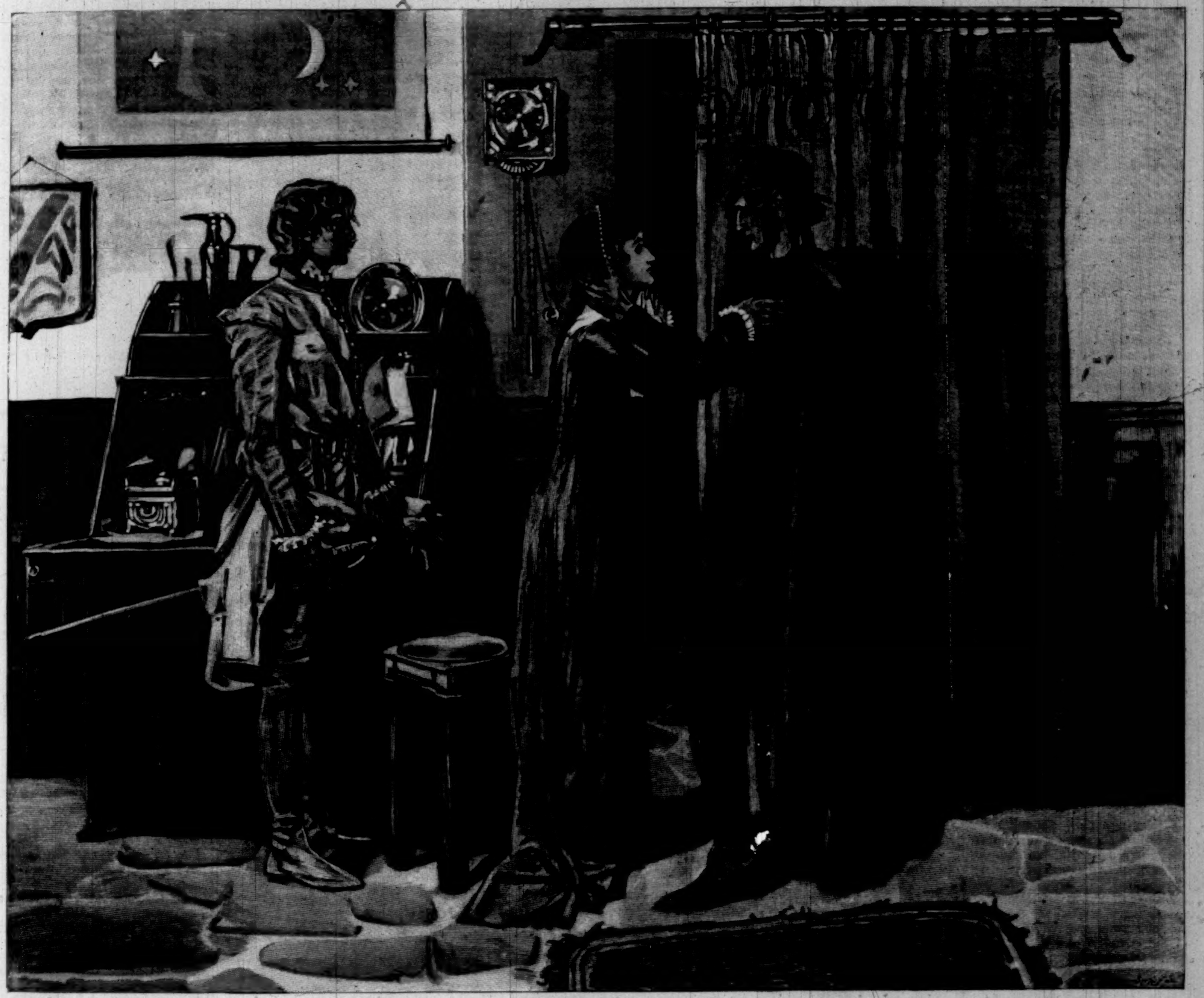
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

We found the Lady Ysolinde waiting for us at her house, Master Gerard talking to her in the doorway, earnestly, and apart. Both of them had a look of much solemnity, as though the matter of their discourse were some very weighty one.

Presently her father kissed her, and she came down the steps. I leaped from my horse to help her to the saddle, but the respectable serving-man was before me. So that instead I went about and looked to the buckles and girths, which were all in order, and patted the arching neck of the beautiful milk-white palfrey whereon she rode. Then Master Gerard waved a hand and went within.

And as we went out of the Weiss Thor into the keener air of the country, I thought what a charge I had to keep two ladies so surpassingly fair, each in her own several graces, as our Helene and the Lady Ysolinde.

No sooner, however, were we past the outer barriers, at which the soldiers of the Duke Casimir kept guard, than a vast ungainly wight started up from the road-side.



"'I COMMIT YOU TO HIM WHOSE MISTAKES ARE BETTER THAN OUR GOOD DEEDS.'"

"Jan Lubber Fiend!" cried the Lady Ysolinde, "what do you here?"

The oaf grinned his awful writhed smile.

"Think you, my lady," said he, cunningly, "that your poor Jan would abide within the precincts of the city house with that funeral ape bidding me do this and do that, sit here and sit there, come in and go out, at his pleasure? A thing of dough that I could twist into knots as easily as I can crack my joints."

And of this latter accomplishment he proceeded to give us certain examples which sounded like cannon shots at close quarters.

"Get home with you!" cried Ysolinde; "I cannot have thee following us. There are two men presently to meet us to guard us to Plassenburg, and we do not need you, Jan Lubber Fiend. Get back and take care of my father."

"Oh, as for him," said the monster, sitting down squat upon the plain road in the dust, "he is a tough old cock, and will come to no harm. We can e'en leave him with a good cook, a prime cellar, and an easy mind. But this young man is not to trust to with so many pretty maids. Jan will look after him."

And with that he nodded his head of a haystack three times at me, and going to the hedge-root, he laid hold of the top of a young poplar and turned him about, keeping the stem of it over his shoulder. Then he set himself to pull like a horse that starts a load, and presently, without apparently distressing himself in the least, he walked away with the young tree, roots and all.

Having shaken off the earth roughly, he pulled out a sheath-knife and trimmed the branches, till he had made him a kind of club, with which he threatened me, saying, "If I catch that young man at any tricks, with this club will I break every bone in his skin like the shells of so many broken eggs."

Then laughing a little, and seeing that nothing could be made of the fellow, the Lady Ysolinde rode on and we followed her. We thought that surely there would be no difficulty in shaking him off long ere we reached our lodging-place of the evening, and that he would find his way back to the city of Thorn.

But even though we set our horses to their speed, it seemed to make no difference to the unwieldy giant. He merely stretched his legs a little further, and caused his great gaskined feet to pass one another as fast as if they had been shod with seven-league boots. So he not only kept up with us easily, but oftentimes made a détour through the fields and over the wild country on either side as a questing dog does, ever returning to us with some quaint vagrant fancy or quip of childish simplicity.

But what pleased me better than the appearance of the Lubber Fiend was that ere we had gone quite two miles out of the city we found two well-armed and stanch-looking soldiers waiting for us at a kind of cross-road. They were armed with the curious powder-guns which were coming into fashion from France. These went off with a noble report, and killed sometimes at fifteen or twenty paces when the aim was good. The fellows had swords also, and little polished shields on their left arms—altogether worthy and notable body-guards.

"These two are soldiers of the Guard from Plassenburg," said the Lady Ysolinde, "though now they are travelling as members of a Free Company desiring to enter upon new engagements. But they will make the way easier and pleasanter for us, as well as safer, being veterans well accustomed to the work of quartering and foraging."

As indeed we were to find ere the day ended.

So we rode on in the brilliant light, and the long, long day seemed all too brief to us who were young, and scarce delivered from the prison-house of Thorn. And, to my shame, I admit that my heart rose with every mile that I put between me and the Red Tower.

Indeed, I hardly had a thought to spend on my father. The hot quadrangle of the Wolfsberg, the howling fox-colored demons in the kennels, the black Duke Casimir—I forgot them all. Aye, I forgot even my father, and everything save that I was riding with two fair women through a world where all was love and spring, and where it was ever the prime of the morning.

The Lady Ysolinde could not make enough of our Little Playmate. She laughed back at her over her shoulder when she let her horse out for a canter. She marvelled loudly at Helene's good riding, and at the unbounded beauty of the crisp ringlets which clustered round her head like a boy's. And our Helene smiled, well pleased, and ceased to watch my eyes or to grow silent if I checked my horse too long by the side of the Lady Ysolinde.

Mostly we three rode abreast over the pleasant country. So long as we were crossing the plain of the Wolfmark we saw few tilled fields, and the farm-houses were fewer still. But wherever these were to be seen they were fortified and defended like castles, and had gates, great and high, with iron plates upon them and knobs like the points of spears beaten blunt.

The Lady Ysolinde, who had often ridden that way, told us that these were all in the Duke Casimir's country, and were mostly possessed by the kin of his chief captains, feudal tenants, who for the right of possession were compelled to furnish so many riders to the Duke's Companies.

"But wait," she said, "till you come to the dominions of the Prince of Plassenburg. You will find that he is indeed a ruler that can make the broom-bush keep the cow."

So we rode on, and passed pleasant and exciting things, more than I had ever seen in all my life before.

Once we saw half a dozen men driving cattle across our path, and it was curious to mark how readily they drew their swords and couched their lances at us, turning themselves about this way and that like a quintain till we were quite gone by, which made us laugh. For it seemed a strange thing that men so well armed should fear a company of no more than their own numbers, and two of them maids upon palfreys.

But Ysolinde, said: "It is not, after all, so strange, for over yonder blue hills dwells Joan of the Swordhand, who can lead a foray as well as any man, and once worsted Duke Casimir himself when he beset her castle."

So the day went past swiftly, with good company and the converse of folk well liking one another. And ever I wondered how we were to spend the night, and what sort of cheer we should find at our inn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW PEOPLE COME AND GO IN NEW YORK.

BY RICHARD BARRY.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. DART WALKER AND L. A. SHAFER.

PROBABLY over three hundred and fifty thousand brain-workers, manual toilers, and wage-earners daily enter the artery centre of the Greater New York—the place where its pulse is to be felt, the commercial heart, which might now well include the busy district from Thirty-fourth Street south to the Battery. Between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in the morning this great inrush is going on, and the hordes of Uitlanders are settling down to begin the work-day.

But to digress at the outset to gain an idea of proportion: Supposing that a city of the size and importance of Cincinnati should be threatened with some direful disaster, making it expedient and necessary to move every man, woman, and child to a distance of from twelve to forty miles in a limited space of time, what hubbub and confusion would follow! How long would it take for this to be accomplished? It would be a hard thing to state; and yet more people than the city of Cincinnati holds pour regularly into New York and regularly pour out again every day!

Where do they come from, where do they go, and how do they do it? Where stand the towns and villages that are populous at night and as deserted in the daytime as if the country had called their young and the willing to the defence of her frontiers. Where are they? They are scattered in so many directions and at such varying distances that the exodus and the influx of the inhabitants are hardly noticeable. It is only when they gather at the congested points where they deliver their bodies into the care and keeping of the common carriers that the strength of the commuter army is recognized.

Although these men (some of whom travel a distance equal to the circumference of the earth at the equator every year, and spend a large proportion of their lives on train or trolley or boat) arise with the crowing of cocks and the early morning twitter of birds in their ears, and at night may awaken to listen to the melancholy hooting of an owl in the orchard, they are nevertheless men of the city. Town has stamped them in appearance, speech, and manner, and so accustomed do they become to the diurnal pilgrimage that they have grown to regard it in a philosophical spirit. With the adaptability of the American temperament, they have begun to utilize it in one way or another to their advantage. To a man unaccustomed to this life and forced to make these journeyings for a week, say, they would seem most probably a bore; but to the philosophical commuter the time is not altogether spent amiss. He makes business appointments on the train, or finds time for amusement in conversation and companionship; he devotes himself to contemporary literature, or familiarizes himself with the news of the day; and in some cases he carries his club with him, as it were, claims his favorite seat and corner, and gains the relief and excitement that the "whister" derives from the game of "Master" Cavendish.

The comic papers have taken the commuter for one of their butts in stock; but over this he triumphs, and his absolute importance to the business life of the metropolis is evident. It was noticed at the time of the great blizzard, when suburban traffic was blocked completely and business came almost to a standstill.

But various are the classes and distinctions of these workaday pilgrims, and the routes and methods they take of reaching shop, store, or office have developed individual habits—habits of promptness and habits of perpetual haste. Many, alas! are at the mercy completely of the corporation that for a yearly price contracts to start them on time, deliver them safely, and return them to the bosom of their families. There are some who boast with proper pride that they have never missed a train; there are others who apparently never succeed in catching one without having to run for it. They chase from the breakfast table to the suburban railway station, and from the uptown surface cars they rush through the waiting-room, greet the ticket-taker with a friendly nod of recognition, and settle themselves in the smoking-car just as the train-despatcher rings his bell. The railway hands know them by name and sight, the conductor is a conspicuous friend, and the brakeman is especially polite at the Christmas season.

The inhabitant who lives south of the Harlem River cannot be classed among the pilgrims. He is independent of time-tables. He has no intimacy with minor officials, and he disdains the carrying of bundles. But the citizen of the Greater New York who depends upon these things is often the shopper for the family. He disdains disguise, and boldly carries out a pocket full of quail, a basket of peaches, or a sugar-cured ham, and is willing to tell you where he *always* procures them. There is one class, however, limited in numbers, but none the less to be recognized, whose daily goings and comings are somewhat in the sense of the recreations of a prince of royal blood. His pilgrimage is witnessed by thousands, and the money he spends in one week going from his mahogany desk to his mahogany dinner table would keep the average pilgrim's coal-cellar filled for a decade. His yacht anchors near the river-bank up the Hudson or in one of the shallow inlets of the Sound, where the rich man's sloping lawn reaches down to his private pier-head. He enters his gig or launch, puts off to his graceful craft, dons a yachting-cap, leans back in a wicker chair, and is transported as smoothly and delightfully as the prince in a fairy tale, into the world of turmoil and the country of bonds and stocks and profits. Late in the afternoon he drives to the city water-front, gives his orders to the beléttered sailors in true naval fashion, is greeted at the gangway by a steward with the latest popular beverage, and off he goes homeward, the cool breeze fanning him, while countless thousands of his kind swelter in the crowded cars, or cling helplessly to the greasy straps of the suburban trolley lines.

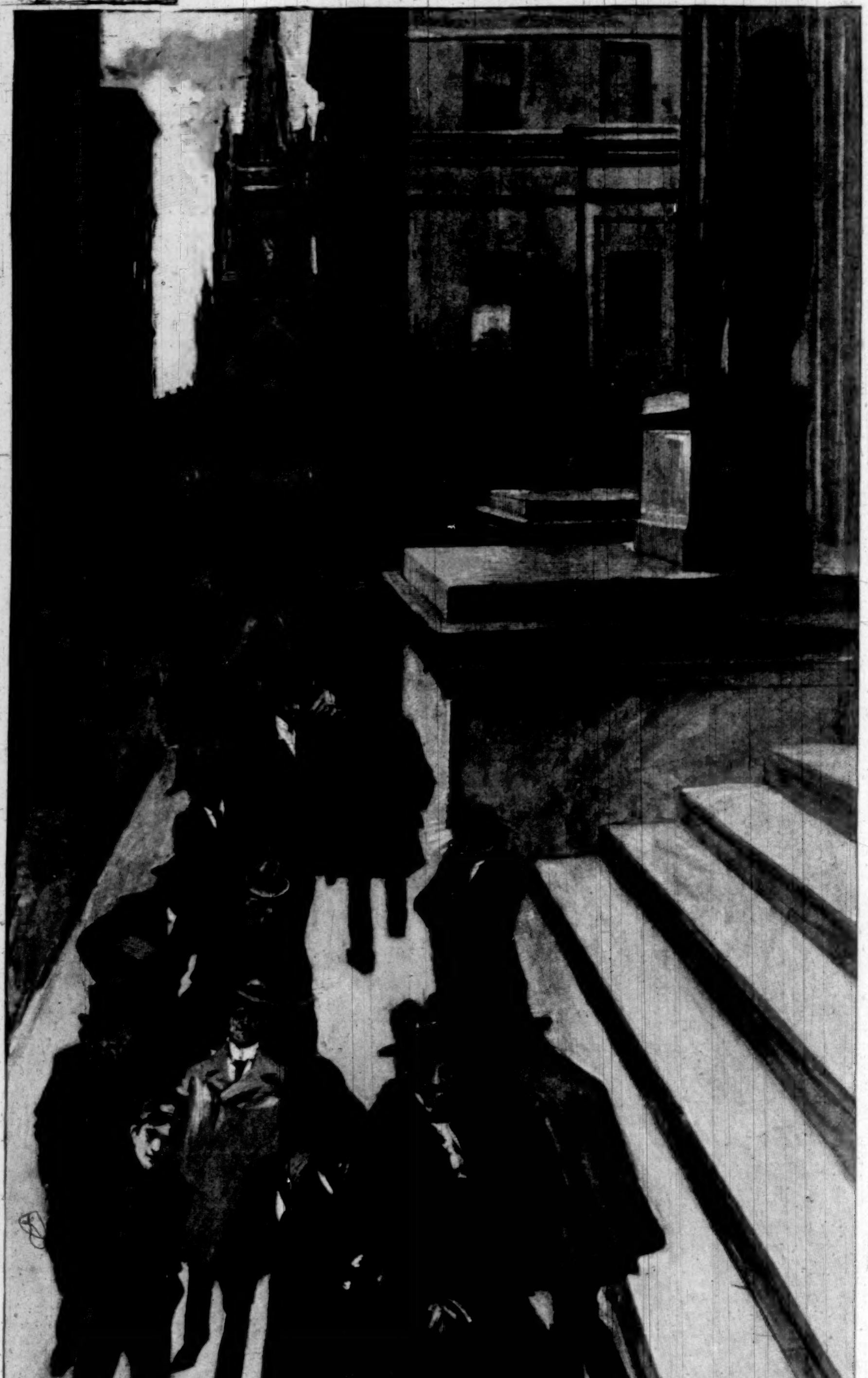
It would be rather interesting to draw the distinction between these, and to note the methods that are employed by some of the latter class to reach their journey's end. They are men whose fingers are ink-stained from handling the pen, and whose forefingers are calloused from following columns of figures in the ledger, who every night and every morning pull in small boats some two or three miles from their little cottages along the Great South Bay.

From Brooklyn, over bridge and ferry, comes a mighty army. See the net-work of surface and elevated roads that land them at their doors!

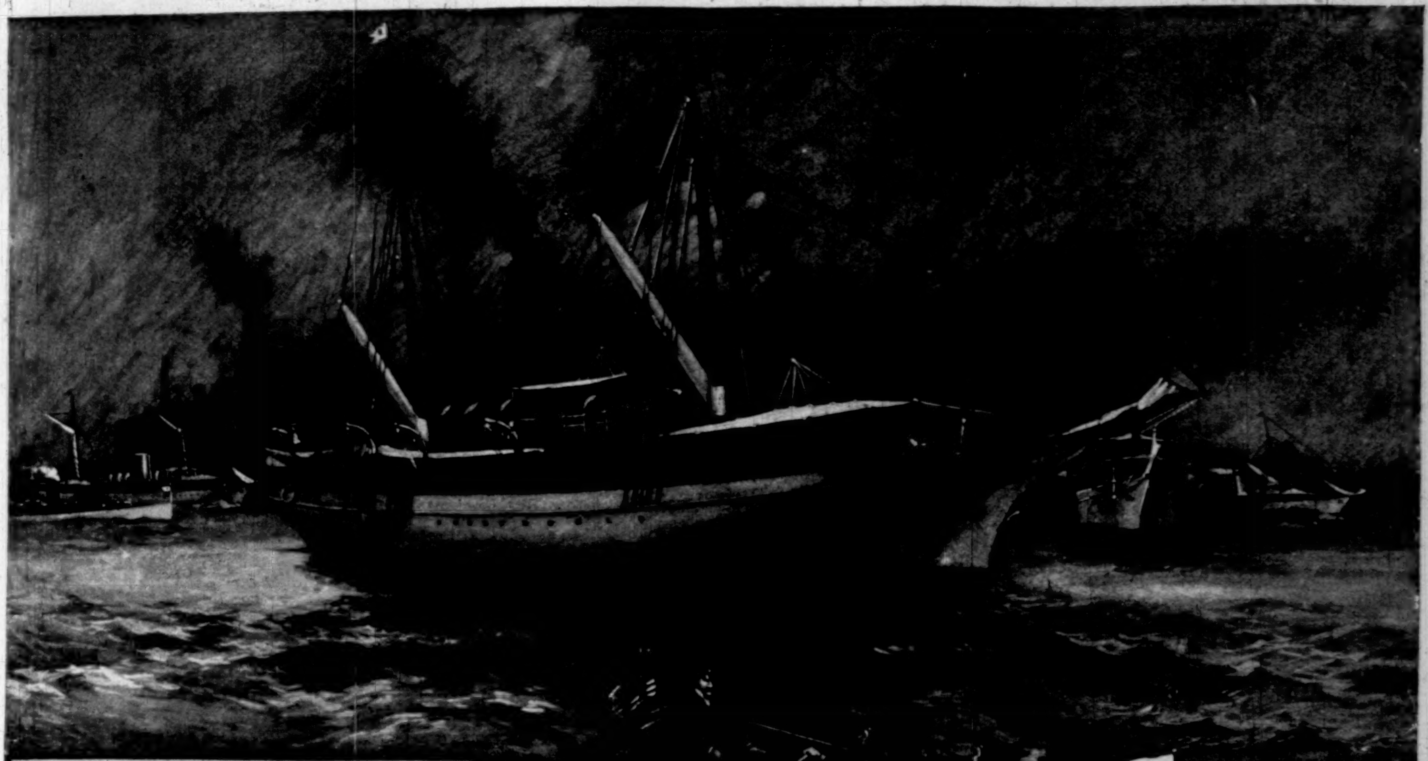
Others leave the trolley at the corner of some country lane and strike out through the dust or mud or snow to be welcomed at the hill-top like returning mariners by their expectant youngsters and their faithful spouses—sometimes at night to be guided by cheerful lights placed in the windows.

It would be hard to estimate the number of people who cross from Brooklyn by ferry and bridge to their daily work. But, beyond all doubt, this army, a fair proportion of which is women, amounts to something in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand. From the towns of Long Island come about thirteen thousand, while the ferry-boats from Staten Island and the south carry about seven thousand. New Jersey adds its great proportion to the total sum. The five great railroads and their branches terminating along the western shore of the North River carry commuters in the following proportions: the New York, Susquehanna, and Western, two thousand; the New Jersey Central, eight thousand; the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, twenty-five thousand; the Erie, thirty-eight thousand; the West Shore, two thousand; and the Pennsylvania road, thirty thousand.

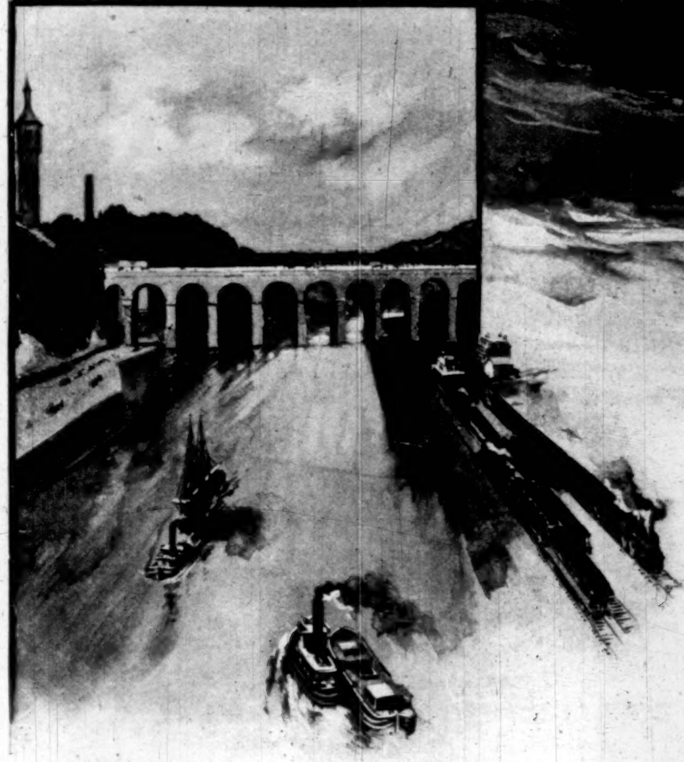
But it is surprising to learn what a great proportion enters the city from the north through the Grand Central Station, coming in by the net-work of roads that terminate in that small and confined space. It is marvellous how such crowds can be handled. But what is yet more



WALL STREET WHEN THE BANKERS SHUT UP SHOP FOR THE DAY.



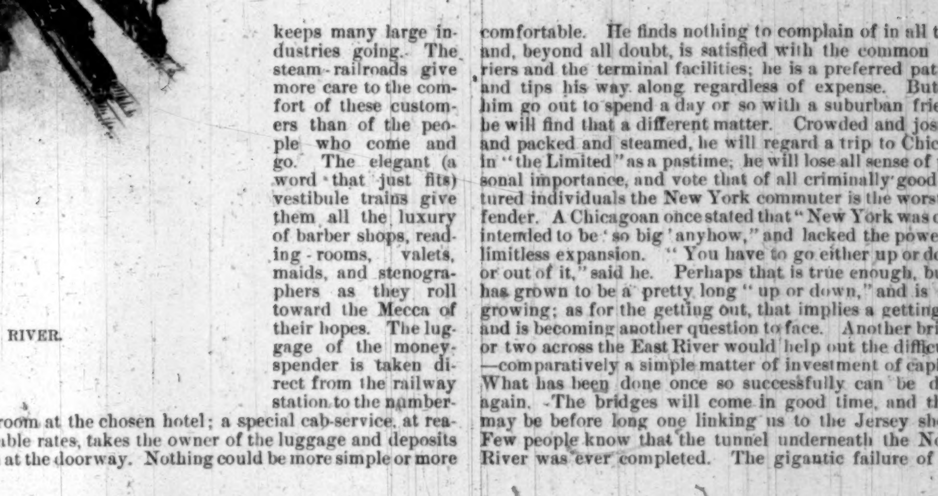
THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY.



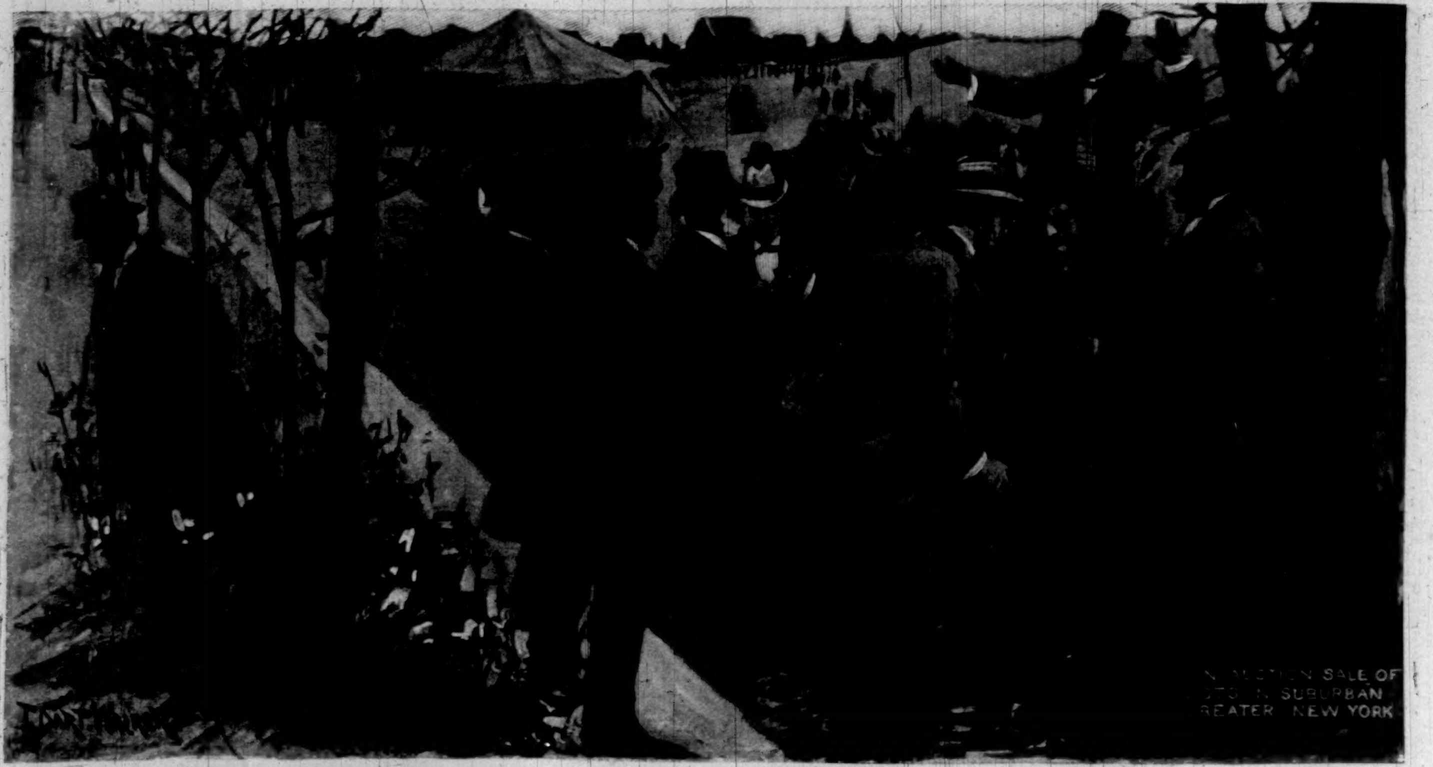
ALONG THE SHORES OF THE HARLEM RIVER.

remarkable is the facility and the mystery of their disappearance once they reach the street. From all the downtown ferries, during the opening and closing of the business day, march columns of hurrying figures. They overrun the sidewalks, and, unless it is too muddy, often take to the middle of the streets. Like a daily tide they set in and out at stated hours, gathering numbers from every doorway and corner. But at the entrance of the Grand Central Station one sees no such evidence of the march to a common dispersing-point—which downtown is Broadway. At Forty-second Street the crowds scatter in all directions—across town they go in the horse-cars, or up or down by elevated roads or the trolley. A few figures readily show the amount of this augmentation of New York's mercantile and business army. New York Central carries about forty thousand; the New Haven and Hartford, twenty-eight thousand; the Harlem, twenty thousand; the New York and Northern, ten thousand; the Suburban, that joins the Third Avenue Elevated, carries twenty thousand.

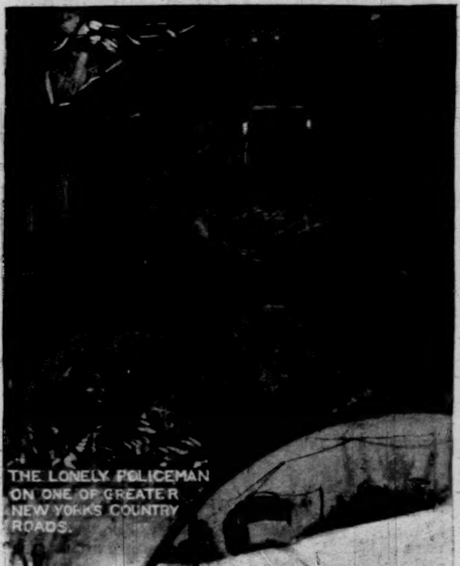
The sojourners or the visitors for pleasure cut but small figures when compared with these daily travellers, but a glance at the number of great hotels shows that New York is growing to be the great pleasure city of the continent. Every facility is pushed to its utmost to accommodate the transient public. During one week of the early winter every hotel in town was full of visitors and sight-seers, and some thoughtless people who counted on finding plenty of room at the fashionable and expensive hotels were forced to take lodgings or go to boarding-houses—*pensions* they would call them on the other side. The money spent in the city by the dwellers in other places, spent in the mere gratification of pleasure, keeps many large industries going. The steam-railroads give more care to the comfort of these customers than of the people who come and go. The elegant (a word that just fits) vestibule trains give them all the luxury of barber shops, reading-rooms, valets, maids, and stenographers as they roll toward the Mecca of their hopes. The luggage of the money-spender is taken direct from the railway station to the numbered room at the chosen hotel; a special cab-service, at reasonable rates, takes the owner of the luggage and deposits him at the doorway. Nothing could be more simple or more comfortable. He finds nothing to complain of in all this, and, beyond all doubt, is satisfied with the common carriers and the terminal facilities; he is a preferred patron, and tips his way along regardless of expense. But let him go out to spend a day or so with a suburban friend; he will find that a different matter. Crowded and jostled and packed and steamed, he will regard a trip to Chicago in "the Limited" as a pastime; he will lose all sense of personal importance, and vote that of all criminally good-natured individuals the New York commuter is the worst offender. A Chicagoan once stated that "New York was only intended to be 'so big' anyhow," and lacked the power of limitless expansion. "You have to go either up or down or out of it," said he. Perhaps that is true enough, but it has grown to be a pretty long "up or down," and is still growing; as for the getting out, that implies a getting in, and is becoming another question to face. Another bridge or two across the East River would help out the difficulty—comparatively a simple matter of investment of capital. What has been done once so successfully can be done again. The bridges will come in good time, and there may be before long one linking us to the Jersey shore. Few people know that the tunnel underneath the North River was ever completed. The gigantic failure of the



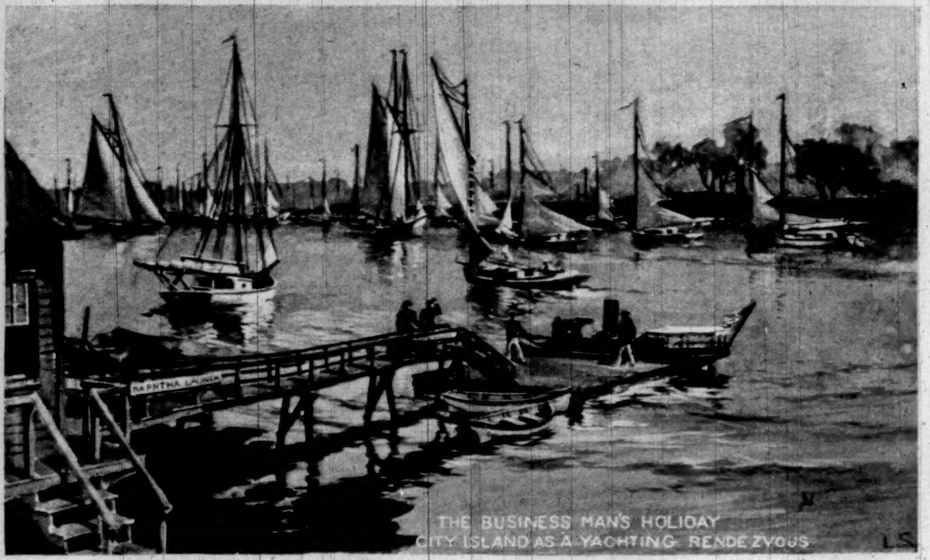
SWAMPS, BOGS, AND BAYS TRAVERSED DAILY BY SOME NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN.



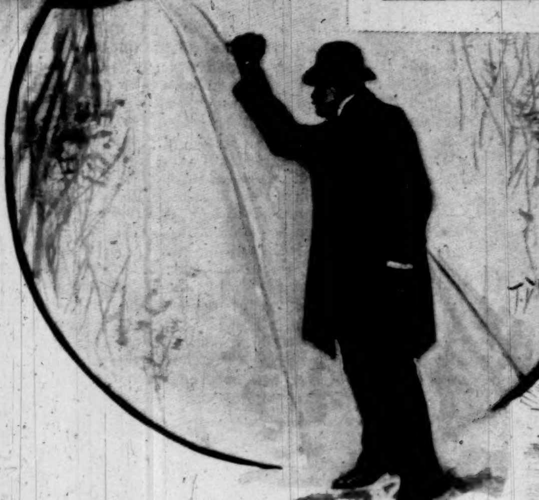
AN AUCTION SALE OF LOTS IN SUBURBAN GREATER NEW YORK



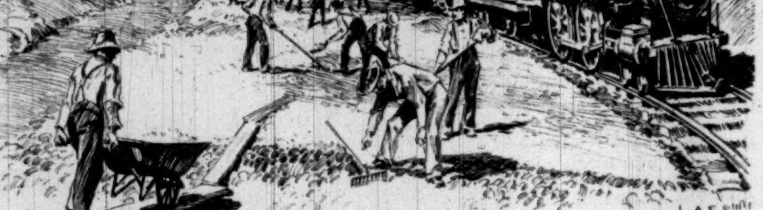
THE LONELY POLICEMAN ON ONE OF GREATER NEW YORK'S COUNTRY ROADS.



THE BUSINESS MAN'S HOLIDAY CITY ISLAND AS A YACHTING RENDEZVOUS



LATE FOR BUSINESS—THE NEXT TROLLEY WILL PASS IN HALF AN HOUR.



UP-TO-DATE ROAD-BUILDING—ON THE NEW PELHAM ROADWAY.

scheme, the great sums of money lost in the undertaking, would make a story worth the reading. The tunnel is filled with water, and the project is as good as abandoned. The bridge is the more feasible proposition now. But the Borough of the Bronx will soon be densely populated, and here will be the quandary for the "rapid-transit" people.

The great problem that confronts the city is how to handle the multitudes that in the future will inhabit the upper reaches of the great avenues that at present stretch through the sparsely settled city blocks above the Harlem River. These lands, principally owned by syndicates and land companies, are being bought by people who wish to own their own homes, and yet whose active interests centre about the markets and business of the great city to the south.

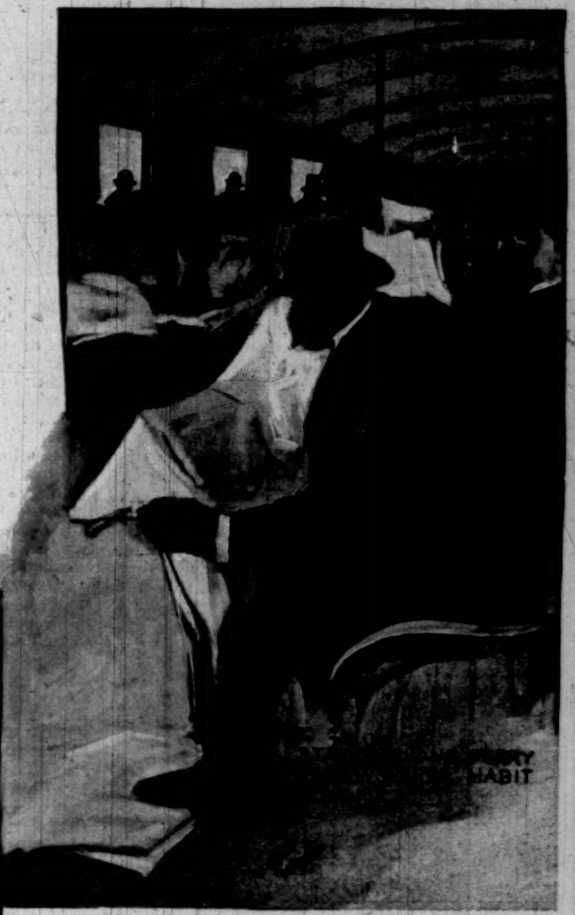
Every now and then excursions are run to these "parks," or "hursts," and there, on the spot, the lots are sold by auction. Building and Loan Associations are eager and willing to put up houses on tempting terms. Values are increasing, the country is becoming thickly settled, and the number of those who come and go is swelling to vaster proportions every month. No one can look ahead fifty years hence and state exactly what will be the methods of handling or managing the multitudes. The lack of an adequate system of rapid transit is now felt sorely; the need for some decisive plan of action grows each day. But the situation will have to be faced sooner or later. Even with the introduction of better means of transportation and the passing of the car-horse it is imperative to adopt some design of adequate proportions to the magnitude of the proposition. In fact, the daily pilgrim, although perhaps the most long-suffering and the most patient of men, is growing to be a force in the community, and now that the majority of him has a voice in municipal affairs, he had best be considered before, rising in his might, he presents a *sine quâ non* at some election-time that will be discomfiting to present property-holders in the heart of the Borough of Manhattan.

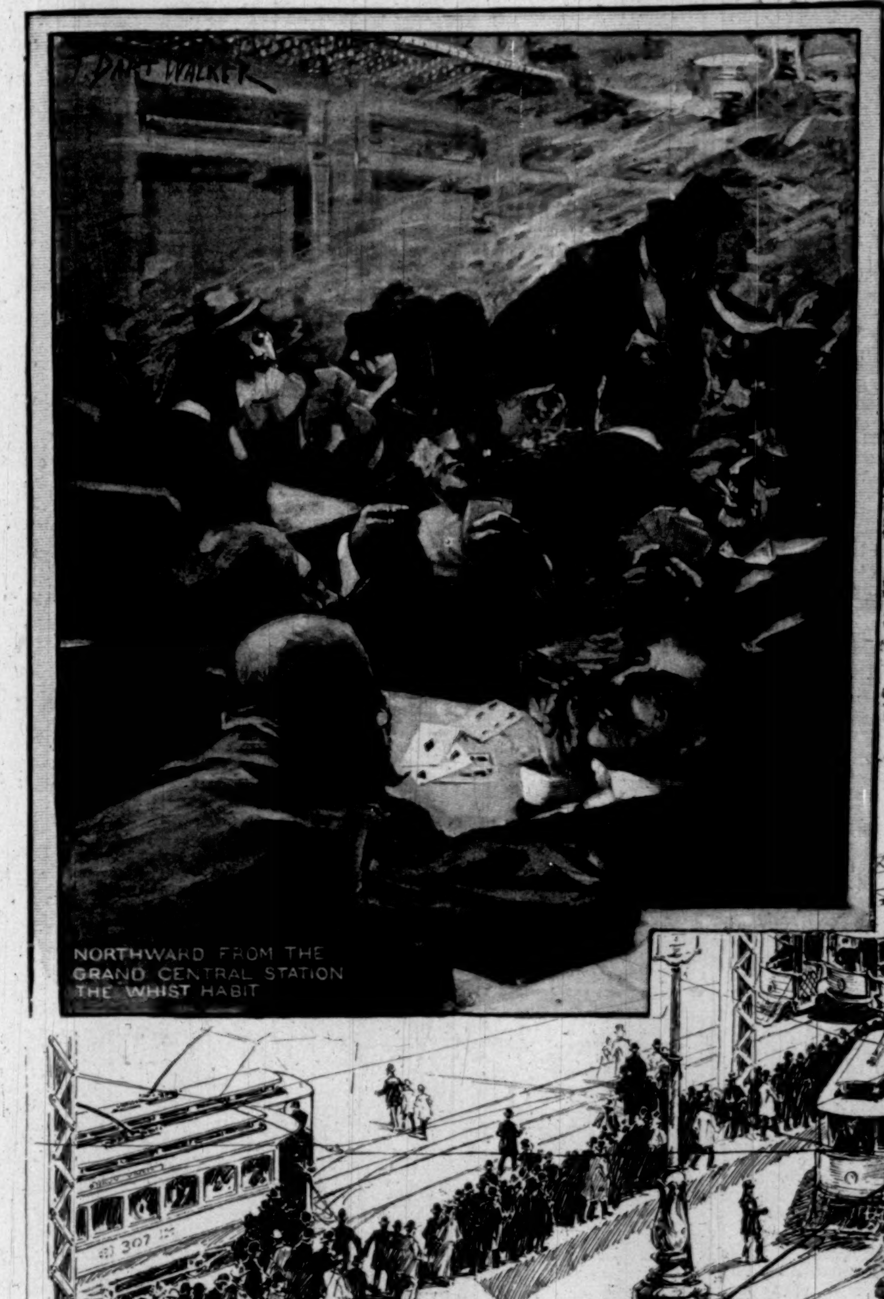
Whether it is possible to adopt the underground system, a crude and unsatisfactory first edition of which is in vogue in London, is a question; but the continued inability of the Rapid Transit Commission to formulate plans for the proposed tunnel that meet the unrestricted approval of the courts and the city government leads the casual observer to the conclusion that the urgency of the demand is not sufficiently recognized by those in authority.

The construction of any system that will meet the situation will be the result of long labor, and the overcoming of what appears at the first glance to be an insurmountable difficulty. But the vexatious delays and obstacles placed in the way of the commission might cause it to be supposed that New York was waiting for the invention of a successful air-ship. This may come all in good time, perhaps, but from present indications people would rather travel on terra firma or below it. At least they demand some tangible and structural connection with Mother Earth. A man bound for Wall Street has no anxiety to put in at the Azores because of a strong westerly gale.

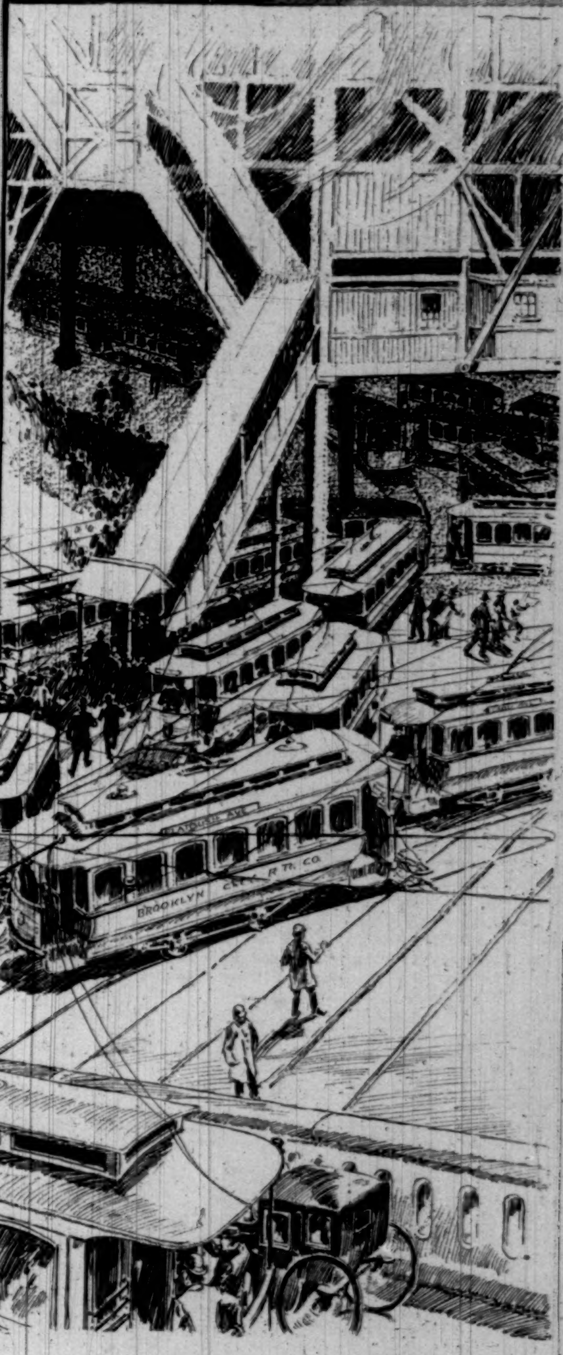
As the various boroughs of our new and ponderous city lose their *rus in urbe* aspect, the problem becomes more and more formidable. For the lack of building-space (judged by ground-space) will never prevent the city from its commercial expansion. There is the atmosphere above in which to project business enterprises; and if we should take and form a city, composing it alone of the buildings shorn of their six lower stories, we would have yet a city of the first magnitude, for more people, by six or eight times, travel perpendicularly in the elevators or lifts of the city than ride on the cars of the combined railroads.

And now the only person who is undisturbed by all this—so far as his bodily comfort is concerned—is the man with the steam-yacht who owns his private pier.





NORTHWARD FROM THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION
THE WHIST HABIT


GRAHAM AVE
BROOKLYN CITY R.R. CO.
BROOKLYN CITY R.R. CO.
307
L.A.S.

AT THE BROOKLYN END OF THE BRIDGE.
Slightly confusing to a Stranger.

BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

V.—THE UNEXPECTED IN KANSAS.

THE Eastern visitor to Kansas, as a matter of course, expects something of the unusual. He has read and heard more or less exaggerated accounts of her statesmen, her crops, her live-stock, her women orators, her bewhiskered men, her treeless plains, her cyclones, her grasshoppers, her fine schools, her debts, her deserted counties, and a lot of other things, and perhaps he is disappointed when he finds the commonplace everywhere, just as he does in any other place where men and women have met and formed a commonwealth. Moreover, he is so prepared for the unusual that any subject, material or otherwise, to be classed with the unexpected, must be little short of extraordinary. Notwithstanding these high requirements as to the unexpected, there are surprises at every hand in the State for the inquiring visitor. Her own people know all about them, and they in turn are astonished that intelligent persons from the East should know so little as to the mental and physical characteristics of the Sunflower State. This article will tell a few of the things that were downright surprises to me, although I visited the State prepared, let it be said frankly, not to be surprised at almost anything.

A BURNING GAS-WELL AT IOLA, KANSAS.

I had occasion to visit the largest general store in Topeka to inquire as to the prosperity of the masses. One of the proprietors had just come in from making the first of the usual two daily deposits of receipts in the bank. The store does a business of more than $250,000 a year. The proprietor said:

"Oh yes, times are greatly improved. Where a year ago we took in one $20 gold piece a day we now get a dozen of them."

"Gold?" I said, in surprise.

"Why, yes, gold."

"Gold in Kansas? And in circulation among the people like that?"

"Why, certainly. I have just deposited $150 in gold that we took in this morning. I wish you had dropped in a little earlier, so that you might have seen it."

That was on November 23 last.

This gentleman was one of the firm of Kemper & Paxton, owning the "Model Supply Store" of that city, and if mentioning the name gives them any advertisement they are welcome to it, for the story told by this member of the firm was so extraordinary to me that I feel I must give my full authority for it. It was Mr. Paxton who spoke. He said that the firm made a practice to cash the checks of the Sante Fe Railroad employés in the general offices of the company, situated in Topeka, and that frequently on pay-day, which comes monthly, their bank would send down to the store as much as $1200 in gold, which would be given out in one day in exchange for the checks. Of course that gold remained in circulation for several days about town. Other stores and other banks also in Topeka took in and gave out gold, and the result was that in that city of about 35,000 or 40,000 inhabitants several thousands of dollars in gold was being used from day to day as a medium of exchange. When the full extent of this information dawned upon me I could express my surprise only by saying:

"Why, out in the East, if we had read or known that there was $5000 in gold in actual circulation in any place in Kansas—in this State, which has seemed so wedded to silver—we should not have been surprised to have heard as the next thing that a mob had taken possession of the place, and that a dozen or more gold-bugs—that is to say, persons having gold in their possession—had been hanged on the street corners, despite the strenuous efforts of the State militia to prevent it. That shows how little we really know about the actual condition of affairs beneath the surface in Kansas."

Mr. Paxton laughed, and said that he was glad that HARPER'S WEEKLY had sent some one out there to study the prevailing conditions, so that, as a result, there might be a better understanding between the East and the Middle West. The conversation recalled the remark made to me the night before by a young woman at whose home I had called to see her father. I complimented her on having a beautiful home, and—delicately, as I thought—upon the delightful taste displayed in it. With a saucy roguishness that typical Western girl's eyes took on a merry twinkle as she said:

"Although you may not know it, we have seen you before—that is, persons like you. I suppose you thought that out here the buffalo rubbed their sides up against our front fences every day, and that every night wild Indians danced around our houses, uttering war-whoops, in their eagerness to get at our scalps. You are not the first person from the East to visit Topeka, please remember."

I had another surprise when I went into a large bookstore and asked the proprietor what the people of Kansas, so far as he could observe, were reading. He showed me a stack of the recent novels in vogue, a great many volumes of historical works of the highest grade, attractively bound copies of the poets, and added that there was probably a larger sale proportionally of high-grade books in Kansas than in the East, where there was a large foreign population. I was prepared for that; but, in return for his thrust and as an ardent gold-standard advocate, I asked,

"How about *Coin's Financial School?*"

"Why, we haven't sold a copy of that book in more than a year. I don't believe that fifty copies of it have been sold in Kansas in all that time."

Book-store proprietors in other places in Kansas told me the same thing, and I mention it not in disparagement of the free-silver propaganda—I admit that there are two sides to that—but as illustrating vividly the fact of the decadence of feelings of hostility of the West toward the East which such works inspired. The *Seven Conspiracies* and *Great Red Dragon*—books the circulation of which was not conducive to good feeling between Eastern and Western commonwealths—also have ceased to be sold in Kansas. The people of Kansas are great readers. The daily newspaper is common at the fireside of the farmer even in the remote counties—far more common, I believe, than in the East. To fancy that the Western farmer is not well informed as to the questions of the day is as serious an error as to imagine that the men out there invariably wear long whiskers; and although it is a digression, it is proper to remark that, for its size, I never saw so many barber shops as there are in the city of Topeka. There seemed to be two or three on every block of the main street of the place.

Interesting as such incidents as the circulation of gold and the sale of books are, there is another matter of far greater importance worthy of being classed with the unexpected. It is the growth and extent of the mining industry in the State. In Kansas information regarding this industry is a matter of common knowledge; to the Eastern visitor it is a surprise. How many people in the East know, for example, that Kansas, in the production of salt, is surpassed in quantity by only two States in the Union—New York and Michigan? How many persons in the East know that what are said to be the most extensive zinc and lead mines in the world are in Kansas? How many persons in the East know that Kansas has produced as much as $4,000,000 of coal in one year, and that she has an unlimited supply of the product? In the East we are prone to call Kansas a "one-crop State," and that crop, until last year, was supposed to be corn. Wheat became king in 1897; but whether corn or wheat rules in Kansas, the prevalent idea has been that Kansas, however diversified were her crops, was an agricultural State almost exclusively. The fact that her mining is worth from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 a year is most astonishing to the visitor. Down in the southeastern corner of the commonwealth, where most of the coal and lead and zinc mines are situated, the smoke of furnaces clouds the air as it does along the rivers in Pennsylvania, and the click of the miner's pick reverberates through the corridors of the coal-tunnels as it does in a score of other States. In the southern central part of the State the steam from the salt-manufactories arises in plants that cover many acres, and produce a quality of salt that is not surpassed anywhere. This wealth of coal and salt has been of great influence in the agricultural development of the State. It has increased the mileage of railroads, and it has saved the packing industry thousands upon thousands of dollars in freight rates upon salt from the East.

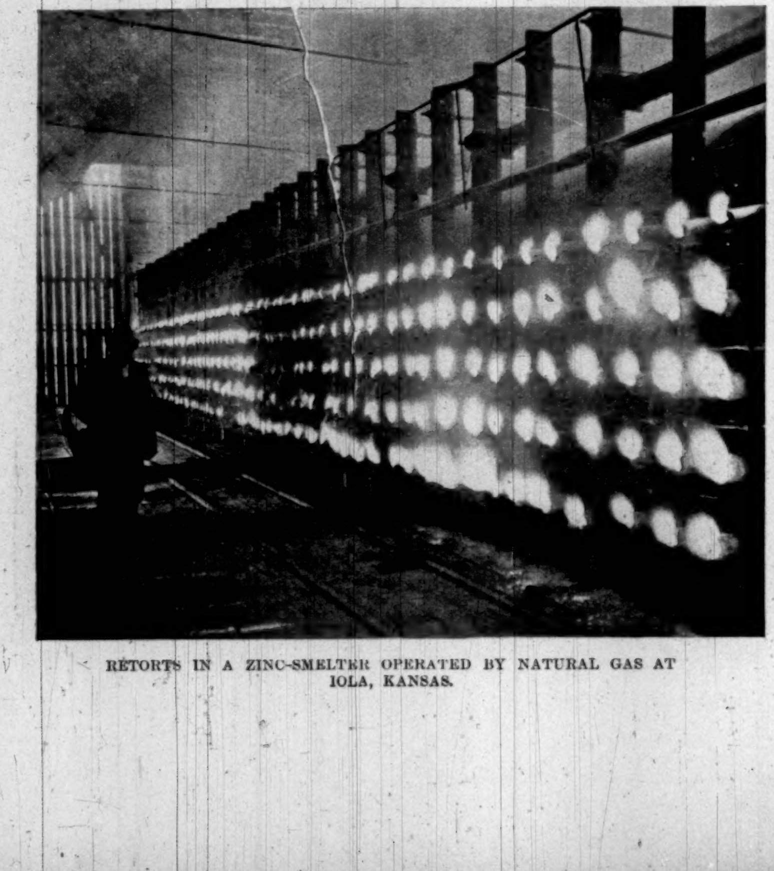
The Kansas boom was responsible for the discovery of salt in inexhaustible quantities. Up to the year 1887 the only native salt that was known in Kansas came from a dozen salt-marshes that were found in various places in a line in the centre of the State—practically from the northern to the southern border.

Crude kettles were set up at some of the places, and salt was manufactured. It is on record that "as late as 1870 the pioneer could get ten cents a pound for salt evaporated from the water of these marshes." Seventeen years later the boom-time came. Some of the promoters of enterprises at Hutchinson, in Reno County, in the southern central part of the State, thought it would be a good idea to bore for natural gas. The suggestion was enough for the formation of a company, and forthwith the drills began working at a hole in the ground, and Hutchinson began to figure up what she would do with the gas, and splendid air-castles were erected beside the others that were crowding one another for room all over the State. Now it is a fact that they did get some natural gas out of that well, although it was sunk with absolute blindness. The promoters might as well have been trying to find vast deposits of prehistoric remains as natural gas, so far as external evidences indicated that valuable results would follow.

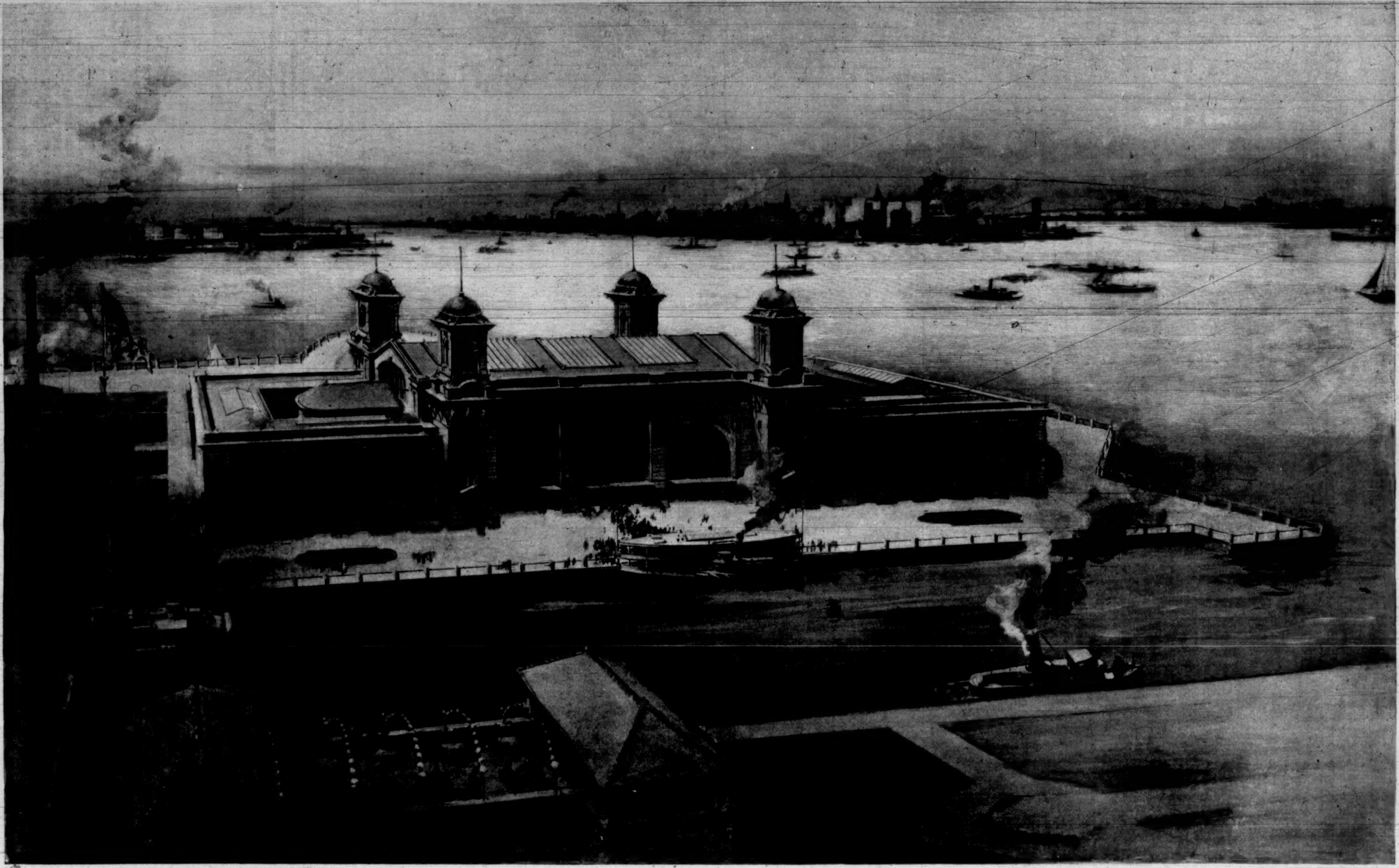
Late one night Benjamin Blanchard, who was sinking the well, came into the hotel and began to ask about salt-mining. He said that his drills had gone through a stratum of more than 300 feet of rock-salt. It was not long before he got full information about the salt, and soon the New York capitalist was on the ground, and within a year the production of the State in salt reached more than three-quarters of a million of barrels. The production of the nearly thirty firms and companies engaged in the business at present is from 1,200,000 to 1,500,000 barrels a year, and is only limited by the lack of demand. The market, of necessity, must be limited in extent, owing to competition in other States.

The salt belt in Kansas runs in a general southwestern direction across the State. It is nearest the surface in and around Hutchinson. The vein is from 100 to 400 feet thick. It is of the highest grade of purity. The area is said to be from twenty to fifty miles wide. According to Professor Hay, who in 1893 made an extensive report on the mineral resources of the State, "a single acre of salt would yield 2,178,000 barrels. Six acres would supply the whole consumption in the United States for a year. There are 1,000,000 acres in Kansas. This would supply the entire world for centuries to come." Kansas is therefore rich in one of the essentials to the development of herself as a live-stock raising and packing, State, and as a leader in the dairy industry.

Only in one or two places is the rock-salt mined with pick and shovel, and these plants are small affairs. The common way of reaching the salt is to sink a pipe of about eight inches diameter down into the vein of rock-salt. Then inside this pipe a smaller one of from two to three inches is put down. Fresh water is forced down the small pipe. When it reaches the bottom it has no other place to go than to return to the surface, after being saturated thoroughly with the salt against which it is forced. It is water charged with as much salt as it can hold. In purity the salt runs from 98 to 99 per cent. The brine is pumped into great tanks of wood that rest on uprights, a story or more from the ground. The usual process of extracting the salt is by the open-pan process or evaporation. The brine is run into one or two settling tanks, and then drawn into a boiling-pan, on an average 25 feet wide by 115 long. The pans are of boiler steel, probably three-eighths of an inch thick. Each pan is heated by furnaces beneath, and kept at a temperature of about 175 degrees. The steam rises in clouds, and every two hours workmen rake the crystals to one side and toss the salt up on a landing called a dripping-board. Here the water is allowed to run off, and after it is comparatively dry, workmen shovel it



RETORTS IN A ZINC-SMELTER OPERATED BY NATURAL GAS AT IOLA, KANSAS.



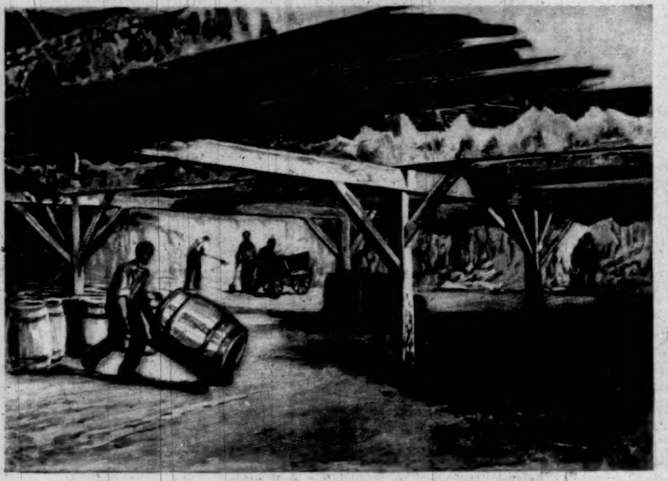
NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE IMMIGRANT STATION, ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.—BORING & TILTON, ARCHITECTS.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 210.]

into carts, and it is carried along a runway and is dumped into a storage-room, which is one story lower than the place where the brine is heated. The storage-room has loose boards for a floor, so as to allow the drippings to escape, and is on a level with the floors of the cars that run alongside the place. The salt remains in the storage-room "curing" itself from fifteen to sixty days, according to the grade of salt that is to be made. The ordinary salt becomes an article of commerce direct from the storage-room, where in some plants as many as 115,000 barrels of the material can be kept.

When especially fine table salt or dairy salt is to be made extra care is taken to have the brine free from impurities, and then it is kept sixty days in the storage-room. It is then run by an endless chain into a great wooden cylinder that revolves and is heated by steam-pipes. This takes all the moisture out of the salt, and makes it hot enough to cook an egg merely by placing it under the surface. The salt is then run over bolting-cloths of varying degrees of fineness, through which the salt passes, and then it goes into receptacles from which it is packed into bags, barrels, and other kinds of packages for shipment.

The business not only calls for extensive railroad arrangements, but immense cooperage interests. The chief company in Hutchinson has its cooperage plant in Texas. The barrels are put together in Hutchinson, the parts being shipped there from Texas. This company has five large plants in town, each having four or five immense pans. These plants have a capacity all told of about 2000 barrels a day when they are working twenty-four hours a day. The plants are shut down about once in thirty days to remove the scale from the pans. The scale consists of the impurities in the salt, which sink to the bottom and scale the pans, so that the heat does not cause rapid evaporation. Sometimes when the pans are steaming it is necessary to remove the scale.

There are two other processes of making salt in use in Kansas. One is the grainer process. In that case hot steam-pipes run through the brine in the large pans and heat it. By that process the scale clings to the pipes, which have to be cleaned at regular intervals. The other process is called the vacuum process. By this method the brine is treated by steam in a closed receptacle, and a vacuum pump removes the air and pressure as it is being heated. Evaporation takes place at a lower temperature than by the other methods. The salt falls from the great kettles into bins underneath them. The value of this process lies in the fact that it is a labor-saving system. The output of the salt-factories, before being marketed, represents probably a value of fifty cents a barrel to the manufacturer. The industry is thriving, and is destined to hold command of the central West in its line. The supply is inexhaustible and is cheap in manufacture. The refined product for table use may be found even in Europe. The industry has already brought millions of dollars in revenue to the people of the State, and must continue to be a source of employment to thousands upon thousands in the years that are to come.


PACKING-ROOM OF A HUTCHINSON, KANSAS, SALT-WORKS.

Of even greater importance to the State is probably the zinc and lead industry. It centres in a district said to be no more than six miles square, in and about Galena, in the very southeast corner of the State. This industry is worth millions of dollars to Kansas, and it has made Galena what might be called a model town. I quote from what the Hon. W. F. Sapp says on this subject.

> "In the midst of this mining activity, this push, this energy, lies the city of Galena, a city that did not feel the panic, a city that has no bonded debt, with money in its treasury, a city with stone sidewalks, streets paved with flint-rock which comes from the mines, a fine city hall . . . a place where labor is always employed at fair wages and capital can always find safe investment."

Few are the cities in this country of which the like can be said truthfully. The mines in and about that town were discovered in 1877, but it was not until about seven years later that returns of noteworthy extent were secured. These figures show the zinc product of the State in short tons since that time: 1885, 8502 tons; 1886, 8932; 1887, 11,955; 1888, 10,432; 1889, 13,658; 1890, 15,199; 1891, 22,747; 1892, 24,715; 1893, 22,815; 1894, 25,588; 1895, 25,775; 1896, 20,759. For the first half of 1897 the output was 15,722 tons, indicating that the output for the year would reach at least 30,000 tons, an enormous jump in one year, and the greatest in the history of the industry in the State. The full figures for 1897 had not reached the Commissioner of Labor in Topeka when he furnished me with these statistics. The value of this output for 1897 was probably $2,000,000 in round numbers. Is not that a splendid showing for an agricultural State?

Moreover, this activity affects more than the State of Kansas. It is on record that shipments of zinc ore are made to Belgium, in competition with the great mines in Huelva, Spain. The treatment of the ore requires, also, large industrial establishments called smelters. Many of these are near the coal-fields. The largest of these in the State disposes of 4200 tons of the ore a year, and one of the new features is that gas-firing is used throughout. Lead-mining is said to be simply an incident of the zinc, the minerals being found together. Much of the lead is shipped to other States for treatment.

Probably it is not known generally what use is made of zinc. I know that until I looked it up I had very vague ideas on that subject, and hence do not hesitate to make mention of the uses to which the mineral is put. The most common use, so far as people generally know of the mineral, is for thin plates, resembling tin in appearance, for use in and about stoves. But that is a small affair, comparatively. Its most extensive use is to coat iron-ware, thus producing the product known as galvanized iron. Its most important use is as an alloy. It is said to form one-third of ordinary brass, and of course is also used in bronze. Salts of zinc play a part in medicine, and the mineral, in a transformed condition, is used largely in paints.

Perhaps we can best understand the extent of the coal industry of Kansas by printing the following table, prepared especially for this article by the Deputy Labor Commissioner of the State:

COAL PRODUCT OF KANSAS SINCE 1885.

Year.	Short tons.	Value.	Average price per ton.	Average number of days active.	Average number of men employed.
1885.	1,212,057	$1,485,002	$1 23	...	....
1886.	1,400,000	1,680,000	1 20	...	....
1887.	1,595,879	2,235,631	1 40	...	....
1888.	1,850,000	2,775,000	1 50	...	....
1889.	2,221,043	3,296,888	1 48	...	5956
1890.	2,259,922	2,947,517	1 30	210	4523
1891.	2,716,705	3,557,305	1 31	222	6201
1892.	3,007,276	3,955,595	1 31½	208	6559
1893.	2,652,546	3,375,740	1 27	147	7310
1894.	3,388,251	4,178,998	1 23	164	7329
1895.	2,926,870	3,481,981	1 20	159	7482
1896.	2,884,801	3,295,032	1 15	168	7127

The quality of the coal is said to be excellent. It is all of the bituminous grade, and it is consumed chiefly by the railroads and in the smelting industry. Much of the coal is near the surface, and one may see little mines adjoining corn-fields as he travels through the southwestern part of the State. It is found in paying quantities in more than twenty counties. There are said to be not less than two hundred and fifty mines in active operation.

The natural-gas product of the State has also assumed proportions of importance. The value of the product has grown from $15,873 in 1890, to $124,750 in 1896. It is found in five counties, and has been reached at a depth of only 325 feet. It is said to be singularly free from sulphur. Petroleum naturally exists in a country which is rich in coal and natural gas. In 1889 only 500 barrels of petroleum were produced in Kansas. In 1895 the production was 44,430 barrels, and in 1896 it was 113,571 barrels, an increase of more than 155 per cent. There are more than one hundred producing wells in the State, and they are found in eight counties.

Another source of mineral wealth in the State is found in the gypsum beds in the Fort Riley region, and also in Barber County, the home of Congressman Jerry Simpson. Thousands upon thousands of barrels of plaster of Paris are made from these beds. Co-ordinate with this industry is the discovery and operation of beds of a natural cement. It forms a superior brown plaster, and needs no grinding at all. The fine white plaster made in Barber County is used all over the country in the most expensive building work. In addition to all these there are large quarries of stone of various kinds. Within a few years the development of mineral-water plants has been put on a profitable and extensive basis.

All these things are likely to surprise the man who has thought that the chief industry of Kansas was to raise corn and such other agricultural products as are necessary to feed the people of such a commonwealth. But the surprising things are not confined to mineral wealth. Kansas, and indeed the entire Middle West, has taken a new grip on the cattle industry, and some of the methods and results will be considered in another article. Then, too, it has found a way of partly defeating nature under the affliction of drought. The introduction of Kaffir corn and alfalfa hay, as will be told later, means thousands upon thousands—it is no exaggeration to say millions—of dollars to the central West. Hereafter, under new farming methods, the blasting winds may scorch the State and its agricultural products, but the farmer may be resigned somewhat to it, for in alfalfa and Kaffir corn he has two products that are able to withstand the parching winds where other grasses and corn dry up and die.

If one opens his eyes and looks about, the unexpected is to be found on every hand in Kansas. Its agricultural and mineral resources and strength can no more be understood and studied at long range—say a thousand or fifteen hundred miles—than can its people's characteristics be understood thoroughly at the same distance.

THE THRESHOLD OF AMERICA.

Last year, when the flames of the burning immigration buildings on Ellis Island illumined the waters of New York harbor with a fierce glare that made the Liberty statue's electric beacon appear pale and insignificant, there were many in the crowd watching the fire from the Battery sea-wall and Castle Garden who openly rejoiced over the destruction of those monuments of ugliness.

Even among the Federal office-holders of the Immigration Bureau the first feelings of regret at such quick destruction of the laborious records of many years soon gave way to satisfaction at this irrevocable doom of the wretched barns and architectural rubbish heaps where the great majority of our would-be citizens were wont to receive their first disagreeable impressions of America.

The sanguine view that anything, no matter what, must result in improvement was received but dubiously by those of us that have no fondness for certain types of governmental architecture.

Apprehension was relieved when the announcement came from Washington that a trial was to be given at last to the long-deferred Tarsney act—passed during Secretary Carlisle's administration, and put into practice by Secretary Gage—according to the provisions of which the designs for future Federal buildings are no longer to be furnished by selected government architects, but by independent competitors, our best architects pledging themselves either to act as expert judges or to enter such competitions without hope of compensation in case of failure.

How well the architects have lived up to their pledges may be judged from the fact that for this, the first important trial under the new act, the following architects consented to submit plans: McKim, Meade, & White, Carrère & Hastings, Boring & Tilton, Alfred Barlow, and Bruce Price, all of New York, and J. L. Smithmeyer, of Washington; while Theophile Chandler, of Philadelphia, and Robert S. Peabody, of Boston, agreed to act as judges together with J. K. Taylor, the supervising architect. Messrs. Boring & Tilton of New York won the prize.

The difficult problem to be solved in the establishment of this, the greatest immigrant station in the world, as called for by the government programme, lay in planning a fire-proof structure which would keep immigrants free from all outside interference until discharged, while affording conveniences to resident relatives or friends to communicate with them at the proper time, at the same time providing all facilities required by the officials of the Immigration Bureau, Quarantine station, and Custom-house for the proper discharge of their varied duties. Compliance with these fundamental principles demanded a new station that would be adapted to the housing and despatching of thousands of immigrants, together with provision for the countless relatives and professed friends flocking to the island simultaneously with the arrival of each new ship-load.

This meant immense waiting-rooms, men's and women's dormitories accommodating a possible total of fifteen hundred sleepers, a restaurant capable of supplying food to thousands, a hospital equipped for the treatment of any disease or emergency, docks and wharves with immediate transportation facilities for passengers and baggage to all points on this continent, a special post-office, custom-house, and telegraph station, with numberless administration offices, courts of inquiry, witness-rooms, and detention pens, quarters for physicians, missionaries, employment and information bureaus, and sundry charitable enterprises, besides baths, lavatories, laundries, and abundant toilet facilities, and all the other needs of this greatest of caravanseries perched on an island of diminutive size.

According to the accepted plans, illustrations of which are furnished, there are to be a main building and a separate hospital.

The immigrants, after landing from the barges that convey them from their vessels to the island, will come up to the front entrance and pass up the main stairway, fenced off from the public, landing in the centre of the front hall, thence pass by the examining surgeons and matron to detention pens for men and women, and into separate medical inquiry-rooms, or pass directly into the general examination-room with a large central space for the chief registrar and side aisles for his assistants. After passing the medical examiners and registrars, those who may have been detained may go into their respective detention pens, while the main stream of discharged immigrants descend the main stairway, then pass to the left along a mezzanine gallery, enclosed with glass so that all will be plainly visible to the persons in the general information-room, as well as to those still waiting in the detention pens. Arriving at the foot of the stairs, the discharged immigrants may go either into the Italian and German bureaus, and thence to the New York ferry, or down stairs to the large railroad and steamship rooms with long central ticket-counters and adjoining baggage-rooms, express offices, and lunch-counters, connected by a covered passageway with the mooring-places of the various barges that will convey passengers direct to their respective railroad stations.

Contract-labor suspects will be detained in a special room, where they and whatever witnesses may appear will be examined, and will then be either liberated into the main exit stairway or consigned to the special-inquiry room, connecting with strongly guarded detention pens for men and women. Above, on the second and third floors, will be the administration offices and dormitories, with special sleeping-rooms for detained and excluded immigrants. In a wing at the northern end of the building, next to the New York ferry, will be the restaurant and lavatories, with special dock facilities for taking in supplies, and with a roof garden on top for recreation.

The hospital building is to be sufficiently detached to allow the air to pass freely about all sides of the building, and is to be raised a few feet above the level of the ground as well, to allow air to pass underneath, and to give room for all proper heating and ventilating apparatus below. The general plan of the interior is promised to be such that there will be no dark corners, and an open air passage will isolate the special wards from the main halls. Ample balconies will extend along all sides, and a roof garden and enclosed solarium on top are to connect with all the floors by an electric lift large enough to admit patients on stretchers.

While it is to be assumed that all these practical purposes of the new immigration station would have been met by a government architect selected according to the plan of political expediency, it may safely be asserted that old Ellis Island and the harbor of New York would probably have suffered in consequence. For, after all, the chief merit of the plans presented by Messrs. Boring & Tilton is that the little island, as such, is to be allowed to retain some of its green spaces, while the buildings are to be so placed that, unlike the former immigration station, they will show to best advantage to ships approaching them from the Narrows, and to those who pass to and fro between the island and the city of New York.

Edwin Emerson, Jr.

ART.

IN 1867 the art world of London was considerably fluttered by the exhibition of Gainsborough's famous portrait of a boy in a Vandyck suit, popularly known as the "Blue Boy." The interest of the matter was that this picture belonged to a Mr. J. Sewell, whereas every one had supposed that the "Blue Boy," hanging at the same time in Grosvenor House, the property of the Duke of Westminster, was the only one in existence. It was clear, however, that there were two renderings of this same subject, almost identical in size and treatment; both of them clearly the work of Gainsborough. Immediately arose a question as to which of the two claimants had the right of precedence. The question has never been settled. But Mr. William H. Fuller, into whose hands the, so to say, newly discovered picture passed, has published in a monograph a summary of all the available data—which is not much—as to the devolution of ownership of the two paintings; and makes out a good *primâ facie* case in favor of his own. Upon one point, however, critics are agreed—that Mr. Fuller's "Blue Boy" is the better picture of the two.

It is now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, New York city, preparatory to the sale on February 25 of his collection of Early English and Barbizon paintings. There is an interesting story, whether true or not, that Gainsborough painted the "Blue Boy" as a refutation of the fallacy contained in Sir Joshua Reynolds's eighth lecture. The rivalry of the two as portrait-painters was keen, even to personalities. Sir Joshua had said that the masses of light in a picture must be of a warm, mellow color; that the cold colors, such as blue, must be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and used to set off the warm colors. "Let this conduct be reversed," he said, "and it will be out of the power of art. . . . to make a picture splendid and harmonious." Gainsborough's retort was the "Blue Boy."

Mr. Fuller's fondness for the work of the Barbizon painters drew him to the study of the earlier English landscapists—Wilson, Gainsborough, and Constable. Both schools were a reaction from the artificiality of the so-called classical style of landscape, in which the painters make up nature according to set rules of composition, instead of studying her as she is. If the Frenchmen carried their study farther, and reached a profounder knowledge in their interpretations of nature than the Englishmen had done, still the latter, as far as they went, had pursued the same path. They studied nature as the painter of the human form his subject. Not satisfied with surface appearances, they sought out the anatomy of the scene: the solidity of the earth and the great trees upon it, the depth of water, the volume of the clouds and the immensity of the sky, the receding planes of the landscape, its perspective of form and of atmosphere. Moreover, with as much skill as the classical landscapists, they selected such bits of nature as should compose to a beautiful picture, and to a faithful rendering of nature's tints, often added a beautiful suffusing glow which bathes the whole in an imaginative splendor. Best of all, being Englishmen, they drew all their inspiration from the simple English scenes they loved. This was one of the sources of strength of the Barbizon artists; as also of our own men—Wyant, Inness, Homer Martin, and Winslow Homer. A landscape-painter may learn his craft abroad, but it is the familiar scenes of his own native land that he must paint, if he would do great work.

The vanity—in its real meaning of "emptiness"—of human affairs is never so exemplified as when a private collection is brought into the unsympathetic atmosphere of the market and broken into bits by the blows of the auctioneer's hammer. This is especially the case when the collector amassed his treasures from the pure love and knowledge he had of them; where his collection is a part of his very personality, and not the least sacred one. The dispersion becomes a ripping open of the man's secret soul to the gaze of all the world. It is difficult to avoid a feeling of this sort at the approaching sale of the Oriental porcelain collected by the late Mr. Charles A. Dana; the more so as the integrity of the collection adds to the value of the individual gems. An English expert, after mentioning the three great collections in Europe which have an educational value—viz., that made by Sir Wollaston Franks, the Grandidier collection at the Louvre, and the Porzellan Sammlung of the Johanneum at Dresden—says, "That all three of these should, from a historical point of view, be distinctly inferior to a private collection (Mr. Dana's), made, as I assume, for individual ends and the gratification of good taste, impresses me as quite unusual and remarkable." Is it not a thousand pities that the collection, accumulated with such knowledge, discrimination, and labor, cannot be preserved in its integrity, and for the nation of which Mr. Dana was such a stanch supporter?

It is now on exhibition at the galleries of the American Art Association, to whom the sale is intrusted. It illustrates the best work of the Chinese, the fathers of porcelain, during the most flourishing periods of the art, under the Ming and Tsing dynasties, extending from A. D. 1368 to 1875. The object of the Greek potters was to secure beauty of form; with the Chinese, and the Japanese, who assimilated their cunning, the aim is firstly perfection of color and surface. All the examples in this collection are choice, many of them the finest of their kind known to experts; and the most famous is the "peach blow" vase. It is eight and a half inches in height, and "one of the most prized shapes among the beautiful and infrequent vases of the peach family." The body is in the form of an egg, with flutings surrounding the base; it has a slender neck, and "flaring" or out-spreading mouth. The glaze is intended to imitate the tint of the ripening peach, a dimpled surface of gray and bluish rose, as pure and limpid as a polished gem.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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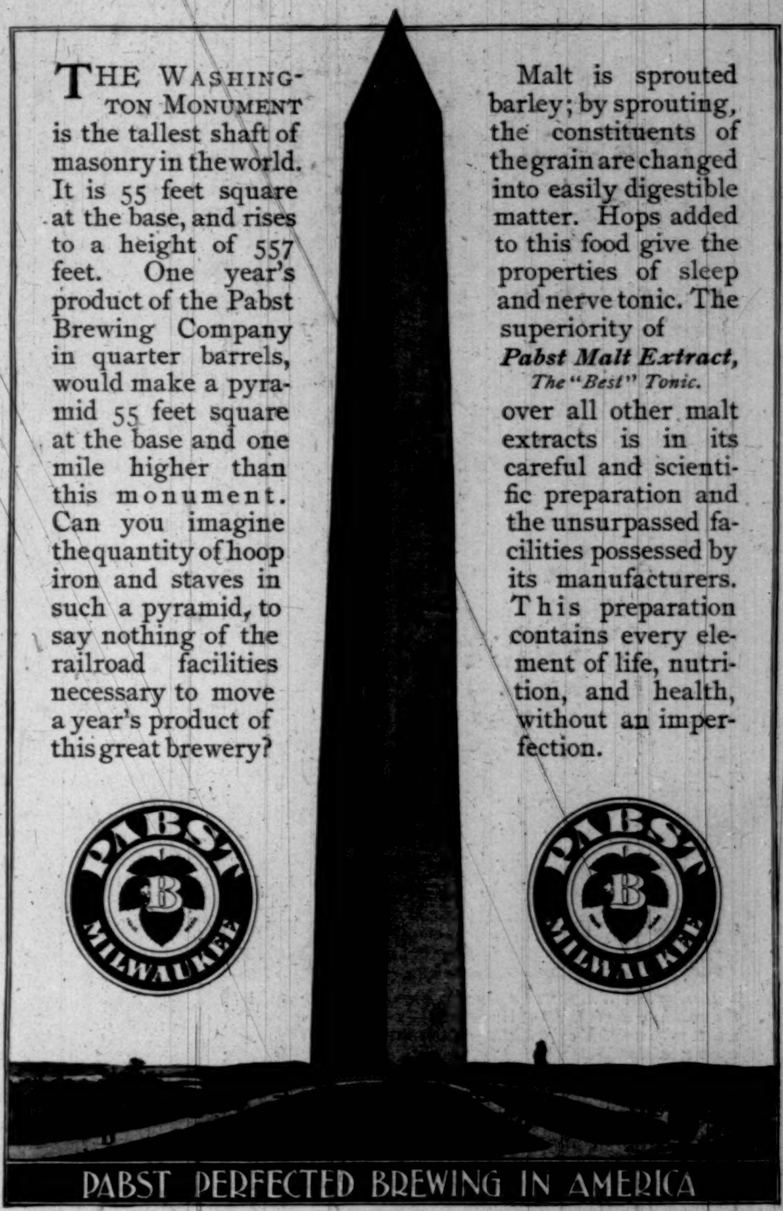
MAGAZINE



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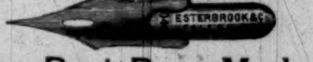

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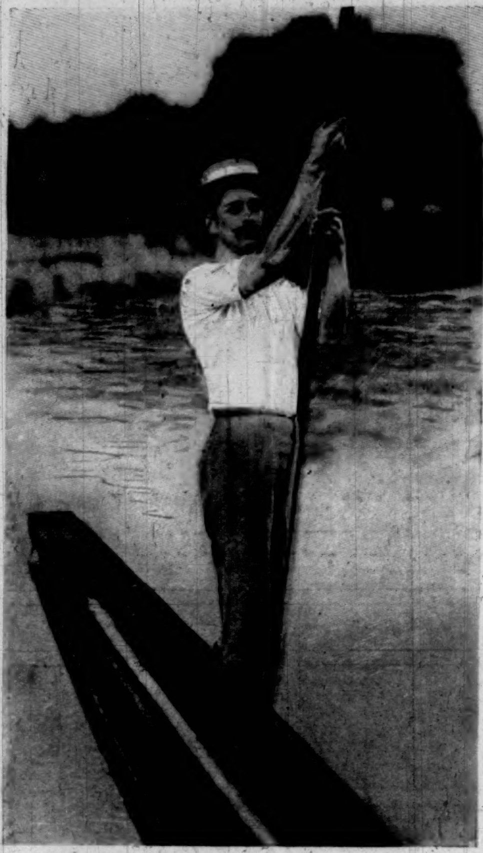


THE ENGLISH RACING-PUNT AND PUNTER.

AMATEVR SPORT

During Mr. Whitney's *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* Harper's Weekly, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

I. SLACKING ON THE ISIS AND THE CHAR.

It has been the reproach of the English people that they take their pleasures sadly ever since a Frenchman hit upon the striking phrase; and we of transatlantic stock have accepted the saying without question. In the light of recent international contests, however, the English have charged us with taking our pastimes fiercely, and in the absence of any just sense of what the essence of sport consists in. The pot has, so to speak, called the kettle blacker. The question at stake has no doubt an intrinsic interest, but it has also a far more general bearing than the critic of yachting, boating, or track athletics has grasped as yet. Like the songs of a nation, its recreations have a definite relation to its welfare: one is tempted to say, let me mould the sports of my countrymen and who will may frame their laws. At all events, it is worth while to take a glimpse of John Bull at play, even if it ends only in sharing in imagination his far from sombre recreations.

I.

Of all the many play-grounds in England, none is so delightful as Oxford; and an afternoon of "slacking" on the Isis and Cherwell (or *Char*, as the university insists on calling it) will, in a general way, suggest better than anything else I know the ease and enjoyment of out-of-door life in England.

You may not know what a slacker is; and if I should go to the pains of defining the word, you would probably say that it applies to all English undergraduates. But the true slacker avoids the worry and excitement of breakfast parties and three-day cricket matches, and is more apt to conserve his energies by floating and smoking for hours at a time in his favorite craft on the Char. He is a day-dreamer of the day-dreamers; and despised as he is by the more strenuous Oxford men, who yet stand in fear of the fascination of his vices, he is as remote and appealing a figure to the average American as a negro basking on a cotton-wharf. Merely to think of his uninterrupted calm and his insatiable appetite for doing nothing is a rest to Occidental nerves; and though we may never be roustabouts and loaf on a cotton-wharf, we may at any time go to Oxford and play through a summer's day at being a slacker.

II.

Before you come out you must make the acquaintance of the O. U. H. S.—that is, the University Humane Society. In the winter, when there is skating, the Humane Society man stands by the danger spots with a life-buoy and a rope; and in the summer, when the streams swarm with pleasure-craft, he wanders everywhere, pulling slackers out of the Isis and the Char. In view of the fact that, metaphorically speaking at least, you can shake hands with your neighbors across either of these streams, the Humane Society man is not without his humors; but by-and-by one gives over being amused, and is thankful for his patient presence and kindly eye. He might almost be taken as an emblem of the thoroughness and conservatism with which the English go in for their amusements.

You may get yourself a tub or a working-boat or a wherry, a rob-roy or a dinghy, for every craft that floats is known on the Thames; but the favorite craft are the Canadian canoe and the punt. The canoe you will be familiar with, but your ideas of a punt are probably derived from a farm-built craft you have poled about American duck-marshes—which bears about the same relationship to this slender, half-decked cedar beauty that a long-boat bears to a racing-shell.

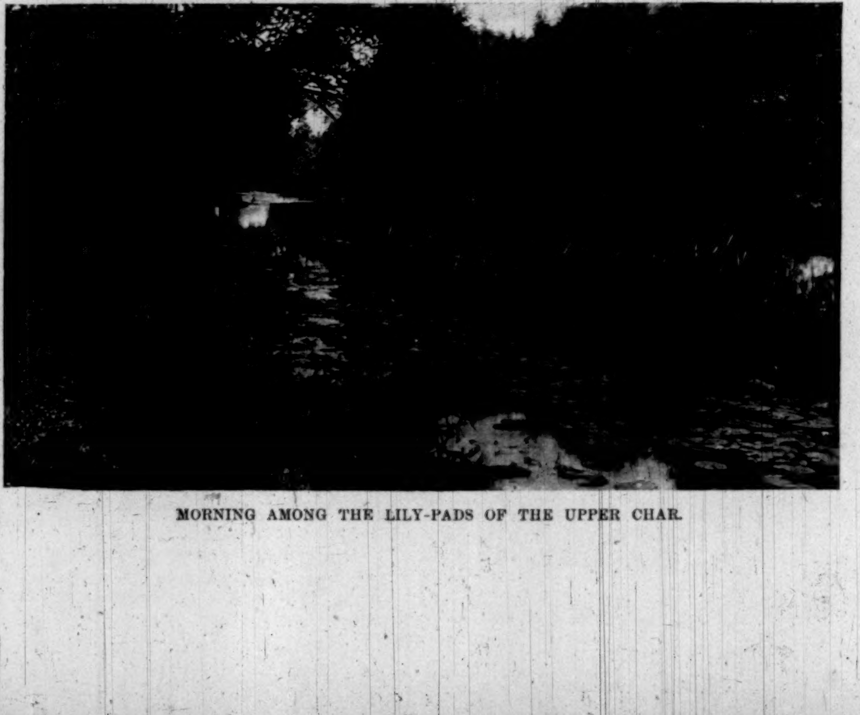
During your first perilous lesson in punting you will probably worry in apprehension of ducking your mentor, who is lounging among the cushions in the bow. But you cannot upset the punt any more than you can discompose the Englishman. The punt simply upsets you without seeming to be aware of it. And when you crawl dripping up the bank, consoled only by the fact that the Humane Society man was not at hand with his boat-hook to pull you out by the seat of the trousers, your mentor will gravely explain how you made your mistake. Instead of bracing your feet firmly on the bottom and pushing with the pole, you were leaning on the pole and pushing with your feet. When the pole stuck in the clay bottom, of course you stuck with it. According to the tradition of the English comic paper, you are supposed, when you do this, to be left hanging to the top of your pole, like the monkey climbing up the stick.

Steering is a matter of long practice. When you want to throw the bow to the left, you have only to pry the stern over to the right as you are pulling the pole out of the water. To throw the bow to the right, ground the pole a foot or so wide of the boat, and then lean over and pull the boat up to it. That is not so easy, but you will learn the wrist motion in time. When all this comes like second nature, you will feel that you have become a part of the punt, or rather that the punt has taken life and become a part of you. That is what makes punting so graceful. You will be surprised at Henley to find that women are the most graceful punters of all—a fact which has only to be recognized in America to thin the ranks of the women golfers.

A particular beauty of punting is that, more than any other sport, it brings you into personal contact, so to speak, with the landscape. In a few days you will know every inch of the bottom of the Char, some of it, indeed, by more intimate experience than you perhaps desire. Over there, on the outer curve of the bend, the longest pole will not touch bottom. Fight shy of that place. Just beyond here, in the narrows, the water is so shallow that you can get the whole length of your body into every stroke. Sometimes your pole suddenly sticks in a clay bottom, and at the end of a stroke comes within an inch of jerking you out of the boat. On a soft mud bottom, on the other hand, the pole sinks so rapidly that when you lean on it you are likely to pitch overboard. And as for the shrubbery on the bank, you will soon learn these hawthorns and blackthorns, if only to avoid barging into them. And the branches of the Magdalen chestnuts, which spread their shade so beautifully above the water just beyond, become quite familiar when they have once caught the top of your pole and torn it out of your hands.

MAGDALEN TOWER, FROM THE BRIDGE OVER THE CHAR.

THE OLD LOCK AND MILL AT IFFLEY.



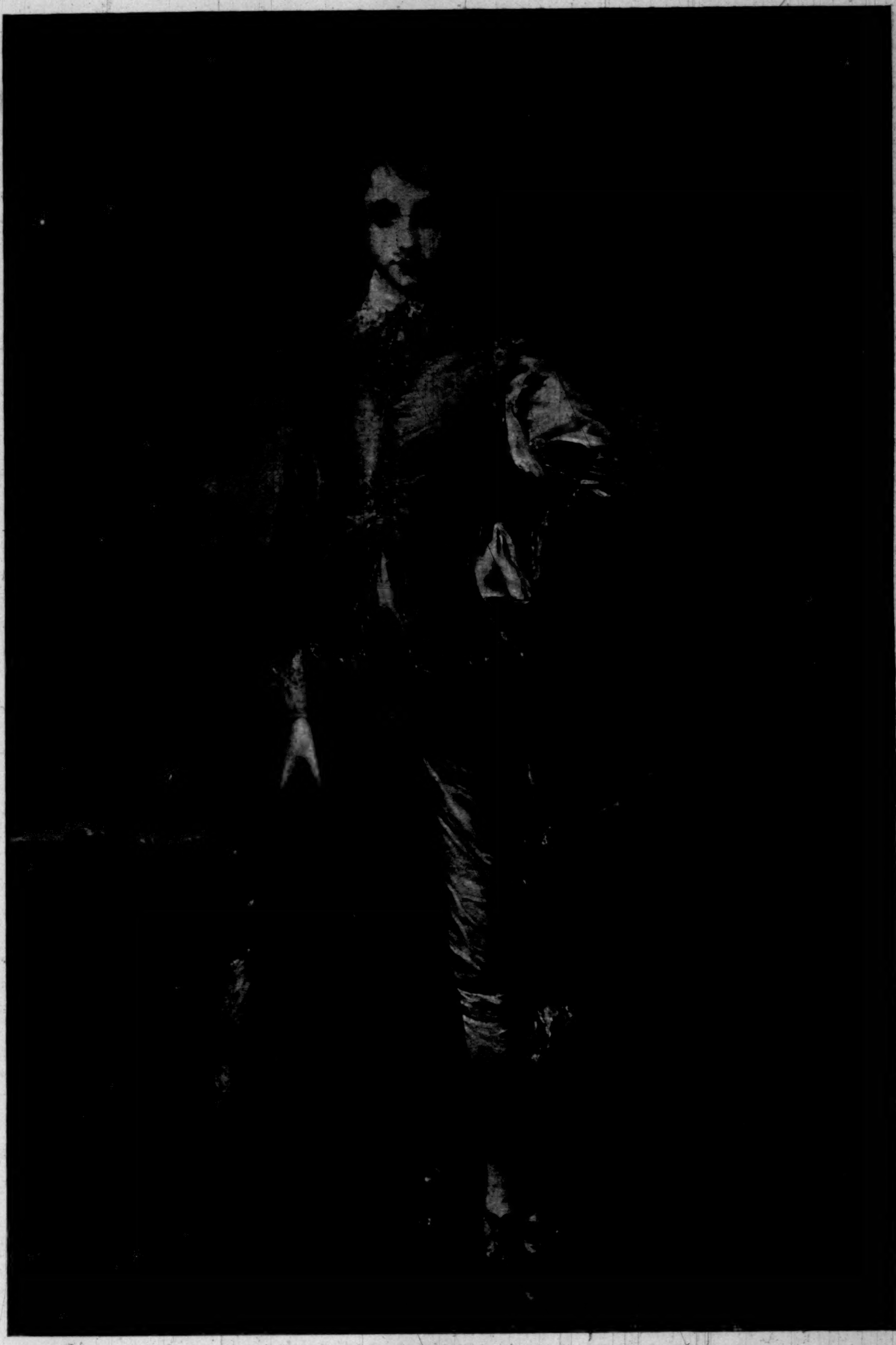
MORNING AMONG THE LILY-PADS OF THE UPPER CHAR.

III.

The slackers you see tied up to the bank on both sides are always here after luncheon. An hour later the craft will be as thick as money-bugs on the water, and the joys of the slacker will be at height. You won't, as a rule, detect his happiness in his face, but it is always obvious in the name of his craft. One man calls his canoe *Vix Satis*, which is the mark the university examining board uses to signify that a man's examination paper is a failure. Another has *P. T. O.* on his bows—the *Please Turn Over* which an Englishman places at the bottom of a card where we say *Over*. Still another calls his canoe the *Non-Conformist Conscience*—which, as you are expected to remark, is very easily upset. All this makes the slacker even happier than if he were so un-English as to smile his pleasure, for he has a joke ready-made on his bows, where there is no risk of any one's not seeing it.

These pollard willows that line the bank are not expected to delight your eye at first sight, but as you see them day after day they grow on you like the beauty of a bull-terrier pup. They have been topped to make their roots strike deeper and wider into the soil, so that when the freshets come in the spring the banks will stand firm. The idea came some centuries ago from Holland, but has been so thoroughly Englished that the university, and, indeed, all England, would scarcely be itself without its pollard willows. And though the trees are not in themselves graceful, they make a large part of the beauty of the river scenery. The sun is never so golden as up there among their quivering leaves, and no shadow is so deep as that in the water at their feet.

The bar of foam ahead of us is the overflow from the *lasher*—that is to say, from the still water above the weir. The word is obsolete almost everywhere else in England,



GAINSBOROUGH'S "BLUE BOY."

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. WILLIAM H. FULLER, BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.—[SEE PAGE 211.]

and even to the Oxford mind it describes the lashing overflow rather than the *lache* or *slack* water above. When we "shoot the lasher," as the phrase goes, you will get a hint as to why the obsolete term still clings to this weir. Those fellows beyond, who have tied up three deep to the bank, are waiting to see us get ducked; but it is just as easy to shoot the lasher as to upset in it; and with that swarm of slackers watching, it makes a difference which you do. We have only to get up a fair pace and run into it on a diagonal. The lashing torrent will catch our bows, but we shall be half over before it sweeps them quite around; and then it will catch the stern in turn, and whirl the bow back into the proper direction. A sudden lurching of the bows, the roaring of water beneath, a dash of spray—and we are in still-water again.

We will lie up here a bit with these people who are watching for upsets. When the lasher is running as strong as now, a dozen men, on an average, go under every day. If we feel inclined to reproach ourselves for our malicious expectations, we have only to regard the O.U.H.S. man who stands, pole in hand, in a huge punt just where the lasher eddies against the roots of a willow on the opposite bank. He looks respectable enough, but what he really wants is to have his next victim get his lungs full of water so that he may claim a Society medal for saving a life. And the fellows here are just as bad. A recent American visitor remarked that you might loudly confess a murder on the Char, or make love to the girl in the bow, and no one of the swarming slackers would stop pulling the ears of his fox-terrier or considering the bowl of his pipe. It may be doubted whether an American would ever be inspired to make love to an English girl; and it is certain that undergraduates have plenty of amiable curiosity and of the old English love of horse-play. To be sure they are considerate enough to stop laughing when the victim splutters up to the surface—a fact which may perhaps explain why the recent American traveller did not observe them. As you already know what a ducking is, we will pole on in order to reach the inn at Marston by four. If we were true slackers, to be sure, we should have brought a spirit-lamp and a basket of "tea," and tied up in the first convenient nook on the bank; but these are heights of slacking to which the novice cannot aspire.

Just beyond here we shall have to give the Thames Conservancy man threepence to roll the punt around a weir. If there were ladies with us we should have to let them walk half a mile round, for just above is Parson's Pleasure, the university bathing-hole; and these men who would not let the Yale and the Cornell athletes row in sleeveless "zephyrs," plunge naked into a frequented waterway and are unashamed.

Above Parson's Pleasure we emerge from Mesopotamia—as the pretty river bottom is called in which the Char divides into several channels—and come in sight of the 'varsity cricket-ground. There is a game on against a picked eleven from the Marylebone Club; and every few minutes, if we waited, we might see the statuesque figures in white flannel chase a ball or trot back and forth between the wickets. Here again the true slacker would perhaps pause to enhance his feeling of repose by contrast with the cricketers; but any one who has ever hustled in America lacks a sense of the finer shades in the art of loafing.

Few slackers, at any rate, have had energy to get beyond this point; and as we pole among the meadows the cuckoo's homely voice emphasizes the solitude, singing the same two notes it sang to Shakespeare—and to Chaucer before him, for the matter of that. You can reproduce them exactly by blowing between the joints of your thumbs into the hollow of your hands; or, if you can't, the first street boy you meet in town will teach you for sixpence.

At Marston, having ordered tea of the red cheeked housewife, it is well to ask the innkeeper for credit. He is a Parisian whose sociological principles, it is said, were the cause of his venturing across the Channel—a man will go to great lengths in Paris for his opinions; and while his cheery English spouse, attended by troops of his red-cheeked boys, brings out the thin-buttered bread, he will revile you. What business have you to ask an honest yeoman to lend you money? If he were to go down to Oxford and ask the first gentleman he met to lend him half a crown to feed his starving family, should he get it? Should he? And what right have you to come to his house—his *home!*—and demand food at his board? You are a gentleman; but what is a gentleman? A gentleman is the dregs of the idleness of centuries! Then he will declaim about his plans for the renovation of the world. All this time his well-fed wife has been pouring out the tea and slicing the Genoa cake; and now, with a smile of reassurance, she takes our names and college. But the innkeeper's eloquence does not flag, and it will not until you tell him with decision that you have had enough. This you are loath to do; for the word "gentleman," in its English connotation, is the subtlest of flattery to the born democrat; and he has furnished you besides with a new idea of happiness. The cotton-wharf negro sometimes wants leisure, the repose of the cricketer is at times rudely broken in upon, and even the slacker is liable to his ducking; but to stand up boldly against the evils of the world and to picture the new Utopia while your wife averts all practical consequences, this is *otium cum dignitate*.

IV.

This journey up the Char, though all-popular with the undergraduate, is not the only one worth taking. We might have gone down the Isis to the Iffley Mill and the sleepy little Norman church near by. This would have taken us through the thick of the college crews training for the summer eights. But the rules of the river are so complicated that no man on earth who has not given them long hours of study can understand them; and if an eight ran into us we should be fined a quid or two—one quid for a college eight, and two for the 'varsity. Below Iffley, indeed, there is as much clear punting as you could desire, and here you are in the full current of Thames pleasure-boats. The towing-path skirts the water, so that when you are tired of punting you can get out and tow your craft. The stretch of river here I hold memorable as the scene of the only bit of dalliance I ever witnessed in this most sentimental of environments. A young man and a young woman had tied the painter of their punt to the middle of a paddle, and shoulder by shoulder were loitering along the river-side. Twenty yards behind, three other men and a baffled chaperon were steering the punt clear of the bank, and boring each other.

The best trip on the Isis is into the backwaters. These are a mesh of tiny streams that break free from the main current above Oxford and lose themselves in the broad bottom-lands. The islands they form were chosen in the Dark Ages as the sites of religious houses; for not only was the land fertile, but the net-work of deep, if tiny, streams afforded defence from the heathen, while the main channel of the Thames afforded communication with the Christian world. The ruins of these, or subsequent monasteries, remain to-day brooding over a few Tudor cottages and hamlets, with a mill and bakery and an inn or two to sustain life in the occasional undergraduate who lazes by in his canoe.

The most interesting of these ruins is Wytham. The phrase is exact, for the entire hamlet was built from a venerable religious house shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries. You can imagine the size of Wytham. If you don't watch very closely as you paddle up the sedgy backwater you will miss it entirely, and that would be a pity, for its rude masonry, thatched roofs, and rustic garden-fronts seem instinct with the atmosphere of Tudor England. The very tea-roses, nodding languidly over the garden wall, smell, or seem to smell, as subtly sweet as if they had been pressed for ages between the leaves of a mediæval romance.

I am not quite sure that they do, though, for these ancient hamlets have strange ways of pulling the wool—a true golden fleece, to be sure—over American eyes. Once at twilight I heard a knot of strolling country men and women crooning a tune which was so strangely familiar that I immediately set it down as a village version of one of those noble melodies of that golden age when English feeling found its natural vent in song. As it drew nearer I suddenly recognized it. It was a far-away version of the latest negro song—"Mammy's Little Alabama Coon."

I have still faith, though, in a certain mediæval barmaid I chanced upon in the backwaters. The circumstances of our meeting were peculiar. As I drifted along one Sunday, perched on an after-thwart of my canoe, the current swept me toward a willow that leaned over the water, and I put up my hand to fend off. I chanced to be laughing to myself at the time at the thought of a fellow who, only the day before, had tried to do the same thing at the lasher. The force of the current had carried the punt to the very roots of the willow on the opposite bank, whereupon, to my heart's delight, he tried to fend off from it with his arm, and stooped, with great apparent deliberation, plump into the water. He had to be hauled out by the O. U. H. S man hard by.

I was interrupted in these pleasant thoughts by a boorish guffaw from one of the fellows behind me. . . . But I started to tell about the mediæval barmaid. I was directed to a bakehouse up the stream. Here I hung my coat and trousers before the fire on the long baker's pole, and put my shoes inside on a dough-tray. My companion of the horse-laugh hung my shirt on a blossoming almond-tree in the garden, and then left me—for the lunch-hamper. He had scarcely gone, when I heard a rustle of skirts at the door.

"What do you want?" I cried.

"I want my dinner," was the reply.

It was the barmaid of a neighboring public-house, in her Sunday frock. When she saw me she smiled, but maintained a simplicity of port that—I insist upon it—was instinct with the simple and primitive modesty of the Middle Ages. The Adam of the Chester Miracle Play had the quality to a marvel, who, as the stage direction requires, was to "stand neckede" on the pageant before the multitude and "not be ashamed."

My barmaid, after some simple rustic expressions of sympathy, advised me to take off my stockings and hang them up before the fire. The advice was capital. For one happy moment I lived in the broad wholesome atmosphere of the Middle Ages. It was like a breath from Chaucer's England. Then the baker rushed into the room, in a cut-away coat of the latest style. He had baked for an Oxford College so long that he had become infected with the squeamish leaven of the nineteenth century. Taking the girl by the shoulder, he hustled her into the garden, and then passed her plum pudding out to her through the door. He heaped me with apologies and lent me a bath-robe; but I did not mind either, for as the barmaid ran back to the inn she was laughing what I still insist upon believing to have been the simple joyous laughter of the Middle Ages.

V.

But we must hurry to get back to college in time for dinner. And even at that we shall have to land here at Magdalen bridge and give a street boy sixpence to take the punt the rest of the way. We land at the foot of the Tower just as the late afternoon sun is gilding its exquisite pinnacles, and the chimes in its belfry are playing the prelude to the hour of seven. It is a melody worth all the Char and the Isis, with all their weirs and their willows. Other mediæval chimes fill you with a delicious sorrow for the past; but when they cease, and the great bell tolls out the hour, you think only of the death of time. They leave you sadly, as it were, in the musty cellarage of the tower. But the melody that the Magdalen chimes utter is full of the simple faith, the aspirations, of our fathers. It lifts you among the gilded pinnacles, or perhaps ever so little above them.

THE FRENCH BULL-DOG.

A GOOD deal of interest was attracted by the toy bull-dogs, which class, by-the-way, has excited some attention, owing to the discussion that has been going on in the English sporting papers over the different points enacted in America, and English fanciers preferring the type that is merely a diminutive bull-dog with a rose ear, *while French and American fanciers declare for the type with the large erect bat ears.*

The above extract, taken from the New York *Herald* of Sunday, May 23, 1897, does not to the average reader have any particular significance, but to the lover of the dog it contains a depth of meaning and is intensely gratifying, since the extract was written in the home of the French bull-dog, and echoes the sentiment of every sportsman who believes in the preservation of the purity of the breeding of this grand little dog.

Some twenty years ago the French sportsmen revivified, as it were, a diminutive breed of bull-dogs that in the early century was very popular, and they used every effort to breed them with all their former attributes and characteristics. To attain this result, no pains were spared to secure the best specimens obtainable for breeding purposes, and the outcome of it all was that within the last decade success to an eminent degree has crowned their efforts.

The bull-dog is perhaps the best known of all the canine race—so known undoubtedly on account of the apparent ferocity of its aspect, while, in truth, it is one of the best dispositioned dogs we have about us. The English fanciers of this breed spared neither time, labor, nor money to breed the dog in all its perfection, and the dog of to-day is as near perfect as is possible to breed it.

In the early Paris dog shows this national little dog was enthusiastically received by the public, and grew in popular favor, till the introduction of some eminent English judges at their shows. At the first show, where two English gentlemen officiated in conjunction with one French judge, the question of the ear became the subject of discussion. Naturally the insular tendency of the English judges caused them to proclaim in favor of the rose ear—that is, an ear that drops like a rose-leaf. Acting upon the suggestions of the islanders, the French fanciers soon adopted, or rather leaned to, the rose ear, to the decided detriment of the national bat ear.

During the last few years some of our citizens travelling about France saw beautiful specimens of the breed and brought them home, and all at once, as it were, this cocky little chap bounded into popular favor here, especially with the ladies. The Boston dog show of 1897 brought out a goodly number of this breed, but it remained for the Westminster Kennel Show of last year to bring out a grand entry from all parts of the country—even as far West as Chicago.

Mr. Mathews was to have judged these classes, but at the last moment he resigned in favor of the great English judge, Mr. George Raper. Among the entries were some with the English rose ears, and others with the typical bat ears. The supporters of each of the varieties were pleased with the substitution; but when the English judge decided by his awards that the rose-eared specimens had received premier honors, those gentlemen who were in favor of the breed being preserved as originally bred in France formed a club, under the name of the French Bull-dog Club of America, sending forth the edict that the bat ear, broad at its base and gently tapering to the top, should hereafter be the only type recognizable at our shows.

Scarcely had the standard been formulated than the English sporting papers opened a relentless fire upon our devoted heads; but it falls now harmless, since "the French fanciers declare for the type with the large erect bat ears." The toy bull-dog is naught else than a diminutive English bull-dog, with all its exaggeration of flat face, undershot jaw, profuse wrinkles, broad deep chest, with straight legs, and the cutest of little tails—that to many is a subject of much merriment. The French congener differs very little from the English toy dog, the greatest divergence being that it is not so much undershot in the jaw, not quite so deep nor wide in front, is more cobby and active in movement, and has the traditional bat ears. The ears, when the dog is in action, are always carried erect, and are so distinctive and characteristic that, once being seen, they are never forgotten.

The following standards will enable the novice to understand the distinctive qualities of each breed, and so not have palmed off upon him one of the English type, which, if shown, will be sure to be disqualified at any of our shows.

THE AMERICAN STANDARD.	THE ENGLISH STANDARD.
The general appearance is that of an active, muscular, intelligent dog, smooth-coated, compactly built, and of small stature.	The general appearance is that of a smooth-coated, *thick-set*, broad, powerful, and compact dog.
Head large, square, and broad; cranium almost flat; jaws large and powerful, deep, square, and undershot. The "stop" should be strongly defined, causing a hollow or groove between the eyes, extending well up the forehead.	Head *very* large—the larger the better—forehead flat, and skin about the head very loose, hanging in great wrinkles. Frontal bone very prominent, broad, high, and square, causing a deep groove between the eyes.
Eyes wide apart, set low down, round, of moderate size, neither sunken nor bulging, and very dark. No haw, and no white showing when looking forward.	Eyes set low in skull, as far from the ears as possible, round, very dark, almost black, and showing no white when looking forward.
Muzzle, nose, and lips should be black. The lips should be thick, *hiding the teeth*, whereas on each side they should overlay the lower lips. Nose deep, and nostrils broad.	Muzzle short, broad, and *upturned*, and very deep from corner of eye to corner of mouth. Flews thick, broad, pendent, and very deep, hanging over lower jaw at sides (not in front). Nose *very* large, broad, and black, deeply *set back, almost between the eyes.* Nostrils large, wide, and black. *Teeth* should show when mouth is closed.
Neck short, thick, and well arched.	Neck very deep, thick, and strong, well arched, with much *loose skin at throat.*
Body short, and well rounded; chest deep, broad, and full, well ribbed, with belly tucked up; back short and strong, broad at shoulders, narrow at loins, and forming a wheel or "roach" back.	Body well ribbed, round, and deep, with belly well tucked up. Back strong and short, very broad at shoulders, narrow at loins, forming "roach" or wheel back.
Fore legs short, stout, straight, and set wide apart. Feet of moderate size, compact, and turning very slightly *outward.* Stubby nails.	Fore legs wide apart, very stout, strong, and straight. Fore feet straight. Toes compact and thick.
Hind legs strong and muscular, longer than fore legs, so as to elevate the loins above the shoulders.	Hind legs large, muscular, longer in proportion than fore legs.
Coat moderately fine, short, and smooth.	Coat fine, short, close, and smooth.
Colors—dark brindles; dark brindle and white; all other brindles; all other colors.	Colors—if bright and pure of its sort—first, brindles, reds, white, with their varieties, as whole whites, fawns, etc.; second, pied and mixed colors.
Tail either straight or screwed, short, hung low, downward carriage, thick at root, and fine tip. Short straight tail preferred.	Tail set on low, jutting out, then downwards, free from coarse hair, rather short than long, tapering to a fine point, and carried downward.
Ears, as shall hereafter be known as the bat ear; shall be large in size, broad at base, well elongated, with rounded top, set high on the head, not too close together, carried erect, with orifice visible when seen from the front.	Ears set high, small, and thin. The rose ear being preferred.
Weight, 22 pounds.	Weight, 50 pounds.

It will be seen that the ear is the feature most divergent from the English dog's, and therefore should not be lost sight of. The dog is essentially a pet dog, and particularly acceptable to the ladies, who can tuck it under the arm and carry it with the greatest ease. About the house small-sized dogs are preferable, so the French Bull-dog Club of America did wisely in making the weight limit twenty-two pounds.

STORM.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE gale sweeps in across the bay,
You hear the breakers' boding cry,—
Come down, along Plum Island way
And see the white-caps at their play,
And see, with rainbows in the sky,
The wind blow rainbows from the spray!

The low and level sun strikes sheer
In purple east a brow of storm,
And all the great sea-horses rear
Along the bar, and far and near
In angry troop the sea-crests swarm,
Singing their war-cry wild and clear.

Come where the island surges call,
And measure with the gale your strength,
And halt you,—for no sail at all
Flits homeward from the deep-sea haul,
But in the midnight's weary length
Black wreck shall in our footprints fall.

Too fierce the winds about us blow,
The sleet is frozen as it drives,—
To-night let music softly flow,
Lest thinking, when the fire falls low,
Of drowning men and hapless wives,
We shiver in the embers' glow!

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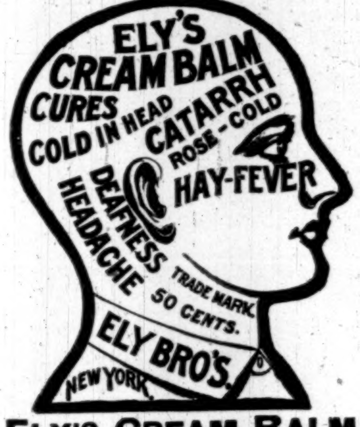

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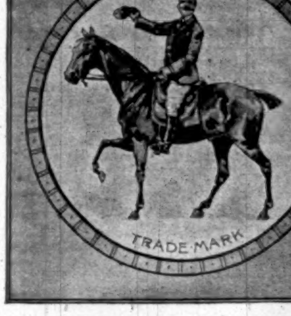

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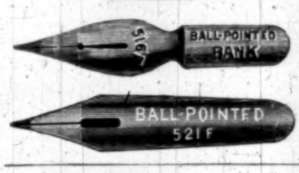

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